

THE
GREEN GLENS
OF
LOTHIAN.



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THE
GREEN GLENS OF LOTHIAN,
AND
OTHER POEMS AND SONGS.

BY
THOMAS LOGAN.

EDINBURGH:
ANDREW ELLIOT, 17 PRINCES STREET.
1871.



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4891

P R E F A C E.

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IN submitting the following efforts to the public, the Author would simply say, that if they give a tithe of the pleasure to the reader that he has received in producing them, his labour will not have been in vain. To him Poetry has been an intellectual "Mecca," to which he has ever turned, finding in its pursuit forgetfulness of weariness and worldly care.

In the verses he has sung of the loves, sorrows, and joys common to humanity, while the heroic struggles of his country, for civil and religious liberty, have not been passed over. But the green glens of his native county, with their scenes of rural beauty, fragrant with the scent of the hawthorn, and musical with the voice of running waters, has been his principal theme. In the language of the people he has sung their customs, sports, and pastimes, and endeavoured to depict scenes and events as they met his eye.

It may not be out of place to say that the Poems are not the offspring of learning and ease,

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but are the products of the hours not devoted to daily toil. This fact is not given as a plea to shirk the penalties of non-success, for the Author holds that any work submitted to the public should stand or fall on its own merits, apart from accidental circumstances. Such as they are he gives them to the world, leaving impartial criticism to deal its meed of condemnation or approval.

T. L.

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AN AUTUMN NIGHT.

CAULD, bleak, and sullen grows the sky,
Grey formless vapours hurry by,
While ower the Pentland taps sae high
 A wat'ry cloud
Spreads its wide volumes far an' nigh,
 Like some vast shroud.

The surging masses gathering fast
In billows flood the concave vast,
An' frae their brimming caverns cast
 The drenching rain,
While eerie sougths the chilly blast,
 Ower hill an' plain.

The flocks are shiv'ring 'neath the tree,
The cattle huddle on the lea,
Wi' patient look and piteous e'e
 They face the storm,
That wild assails wi' demon glee
 Ilk cow'ring form.

A

Watching the rain-draps ceaseless play
Cauld shivers thro' my pulses stray,
While dimly dark'ning gloamin' grey
 Her shadows cast,
An' fairly drown'd the weary day
 Expires at last. . .

Now licht the lamp, steek to the door,
Stir up the fire an' mak it roar,
I see what mortals a' adore
 When storms betide,
That bliss o' bliss to rich and poor,
 A clean fireside.

Here seated in my auld arm-chair
I bid fareweel to cauldrie care,
My blythe and bonnie wife sits there
 A sonsy queen,
The bairns are busy wi' their lair,
 A' snod and clean.

A fav'rite author on my knee
What's wind an' rain, or storms to me ?
A hurricane may blaw fu' free,
 A simoon rage,
I only scan wi' closer e'e
 The classic page.

Now Shakespeare's splendour pleases me,
Now Scott's romance and chivalry,

But maist I lo'e the glorious three,
 To Scotsmen dear,
Burns, Ramsay, Ferguson the gree
 Ower a' they bear.

Lang will their pathos start the tear,
Their blythsome kindly humour cheer :
Their manly verse flows sweet and clear
 Like Scotia's streams,
When wimplin' thro' green banks they steer
 In sunlight gleams.

Shrewd wit, strong sense, wi' love refined,
An' warm rich sunny fancies twined,
Whiles gay, whiles to the grave inclined,
 Still true to life,
They paint the ever-varying mind
 In peace or strife.

Tender yet strong, they struck the lyre,
While flow'd auld nature's genial fire,
Wi' but ae wish, ae strong desire,
 Auld Scotia's glory,
Nae foreign deeds their rhymes inspire
 They sang her story.

“Near what bright burn or crystal spring
Did they their winsome whistles hing ?”
How blythe my muse gin she could sing
 Wi' half their skill !

I'd make ilk woodland echo ring
Frae Spey to Till !

I'd sing the grand auld Wallace days,
When in the death-grip wi' her faes
Auld Scotland battled on her braes
 Fierce, silent, stern,
Grim clutching freedom's gowden bays
 Wi' grasp o' airn.

Her darkest hour, that waefu' time,
When true God-worship was a crime,
When the brave hillmen strove sublime
 'Gainst kingly pride ;
Wild dens an' dells within our clime
 Mark where they died.

A nation's noblest heritage
Lies blazon'd on her hist'ry's page,
If records tell that right did wage
 High war with wrong,
They fire the blood with noble rage
 And raptures strong.

An' noble deeds ne'er kent to fame,
Aft wrought in mony a humble hame,
By lowly worth without a name
 Thro' love's pure laws :
The hero aft for less will claim
 A warld's applause.

An' ardent love's pure warm desire,
An' social joys, and friendship's fire,
Strong words to rouse the patriot's ire
 'Gainst tyrannie,
Words that the son wad learn frae sire
 While time wad be.

But I will sing as weel's I may
O' Lothian lads sae stout and gay,
An' Lothian lasses fair are they,
 An' guid as bonnie ;
Her hames, her glens, an' mountains grey,
 Unmatched by ony.

An' O, ye soul-entrancing Nine,
That on Parnassian braes sae fine
Limb laid ower limb, blythe ye recline,
 'Mang myrtle shades ;
Throw glamour ower ilk hirplin line
 Dear heavenly maids.

Wi' sparks Promethean,—fire o' Heaven,
Make thou ilk stanza hae a leaven,
An' let my verses ne'er be riven
 Frae common sense,
But truth and nature aye be given
 Withoot pretence.

Let far-fetched fancies weak and vain,
The whigmaleeries o' the brain,

Be sent to Jericho—or Spain,
I carena where,
Wi' life's true sap fill thou my strain,
I ask nae mair.

THE HIRING FAIR.

YOUNG morn arose and smiled on blooming May,
The early laverock took his heavenward flight,
The sun climbed slowly up the milky way
And woke the world once more to life and light.

Saft, saft the westlin' winds sigh'd ower the lea,
An' fann'd the tender leaf on shrub an' tree,
The frosted hawthorn frae its wealth o' bloom,
Lent to the morning breeze a sweet perfume.
The broom its gouden bells hung on the brae,
Next to the thorn the fairest birth o' May ;
The budding clover bent its purple crest
As rose the laverock frae its dewy nest :
The sprouting barley waved its glossy blade,
The emerald billows saft sweet murmurs made,
While corn and clover, broom, the hawthorn too,
A' sparkled bright wi' beads o' morning dew.
Dame nature proud o' offspring sweet and fair,
Had deck'd their charms wi' jewels rich and rare.

Fair was the morn, but fairer to the e'e
Was Mary Seaton ; O she stepp'd as free

As mountain roebuck steps ower mossy lea.
Her auburn locks were braided ower a broo
Open as day, the hawthorn bloom its hue,
Dark was her e'e, where wit and common-sense
Were temper'd wi' the grace o' innocence.
Fair was the lass, and neat as she was fair,
Nae rustic beauty could wi' her compare,
That cam that morn to grace the Hiring Fair.

There is a toun within the Lothians wide,
Her market toun, the county's boast and pride :
Amang green wood-crown'd heights it lies at rest,
A mottled egg within a mossy nest.
The sister Esks, meand'ring thro' dark woods,
Now tame wi' drouth, now red and bauld wi' floods,
Enfauld it close within their crystal arms,
As if to shield it frae a' dread alarms.
Here in the guid auld times the "bauld Buccleuch"
Would sally forth to lift a neibor's coo,
Or wi' tried warriors prancing on his track,
Would bravely ride to drive the southron back.
At liftin nowt, or fechting in the field,
I trow the 'bauld Buccleuch' to nane would yield
Now sturdy farmers crack o' craps o' corn,
Where spearheads glitter'd in the beams o' morn,
Where war's red banner waved the foe to dare
Rings now the tumult o' the hiring fair.

Morn wears away, mair lively grows the din,
An' frae a' sides the crowds come pouring in,

Tall stalwart youths wi' plaid an' hoddern grey,
An' blooming lasses fair as winsome May,
The barn-yard beauty wi' her rival vies,
Untutor'd taste displays her rainbow dyes,
The gayest bird that roams the tropic bowers
Wad tine its charms beside their bows an' flowers.
Freend's meet wi' freends an' gie an' hear the
news,
An' ower a glass they crack o' fairs an' plews ;
To all that come their budgets opening wide,
Wi' a' the scandal o' the country side—
For scandal's no' confined to silks an' laces,
But finds a hame in mony humbler places.
Jock smiles on Jenny, Jenny blythe an' fain,
Smiles back wi' interest on the lovin' swain.
O love, O whiskey, manifold thy power,
Ower simple hearts that meet in idle hour !
O Jock, O Jenny, love, without the whiskey
Is strong enough to play an' unco plisky !

Young Mary Seaton, wi' her modest face,
Soon fand a master an' a sonsie place,
Received her arles, then turned on lightsome heel
To keep the tryst wi' aye that loo'd her weel.
Glad to escape the blush, the burning shame,
The weary wait till tardy wanters came.
Glad to escape the jests o' masters coarse,
“ Wha wale a servant as they would a horse.”
Shame on the custom, on the foul disgrace,
That sends young maidens to the market place.

Like goods and chattels, where they shrinking stand,
To watch an' wait till buyers come to hand.
Shame on the custom that would bring to scorn
The sweetest traits that womankind adorn.
The simple rustic, fresh frae country life,
Bewilder'd stands 'mid scenes o' vice an' strife,
Jeer'd, jostled, laughed at, she in self-defence,
Turns pert an' bold, away flies innocence.
Some sapient cynic sneers, wi' sage pretence,
That "rustic disna aye mean innocence."
They wha o' modesty hae little share
Can lose that little at the Hiring fair.

A stalwart strappin youth wi' comely face,
Wha wore his grey plaid wi' a rustic grace,
Caught the glad sparkle o' Young Mary's e'e,
Kind was their greeting, kinder couldna be ;
Baith happy thro' the fair the pair did steer,
To see the sights an' hear what was to hear ;
A queer through-ither lot are gather'd there,
To turn the penny either foul or fair.
The ballad singer clears his rusty throat,
An' harsh an' husky pours the asthmatic note ;
Wi' style uncouth an' fervour a' his ain,
Chants 'Highland Mary' to the raptured swain.
The strolling juggler shows his wondrous skill,
Like things o' sense his tools obey his will ;
The gaping crowd around wi' wonder see
The glittering knives an' balls sae quickly flee ;

At last wi' pence and praises onward spurr'd,
His yawning throat engulphs the shining sword.
Then to the shows they haste wi' eager feet,
To see the wonders in their famed retreat.
Parrots an' monkeys frae the torrid zone,
An' polar bears frae Greenland cauld an' lone,
Mix'd up wi' giants, leddies fat an' fair,
Live skeletons, an' sic like unco ware.
Hard were the task to tell o' a' they saw,
The stands, the lotteries wi' their trumpery braw ;
Mock auctions, where a knave, by sleight o' hand,
Cheats o' their hard-won cash the simple band.
Weel pleased the pair wi' a' they heard and saw,
For simple hearts frae little pleasure draw ;
If smiles an' laughter be sufficient test
The easy pleas'd are often pleas'd the best.

The day grows auld, the fair is wearing done,
Loud grows the sounds o' revehry an' fun,
John Barleycorn o' Jock possession takes,
An' to the skirling pipes his heel he shakes ;
A Norland piper dress'd in kilt an' plaid,
Their gay an' gaudy beauties sair decay'd,
Wi' burstin cheeks plays up a merry spring,
An' simple Jock maun dance the 'Highland fling.'
A ring is made an' crowds around them steer,
The lasses smile applause, the lads they cheer,
The piper puffs an' blaws wi' micht an' main,
Jock's hands an' feet keep time to ilka strain,
Now quick an' quicker flows the stirring reel,
An' fast, an' faster flys his nimble heel,

An' as wild cantrips quick on ither flock,
Some imp o' mischief takes the heels frae Jock.
A buzz, a shout, a scramble follow fast,
The crowd swarms round like young bees newly
cast ;
And in the human vortex, tired an' lame,
Jock disappears, the piper does the same.
The recruiting sergeant see his wiles begin,
For wit is oot he kens when drink is in ;
An gilded glory shines like polished brass
Seen thro' the medium o' the sparkling glass.
In scarlet coat, wi' ribbons streaming gay,
An shining cane, behold him make his way :
At every stride an empire totters doun,
He twirls his cane a king maun lose his croun,
Pomp in his person finds a chosen place,
An' high command sits on his beaming face,
While fascinated gowks around him quake,
Like silly birds before a glitt'ring snake.

Hame now would Mary fain hae taen the gate
The road was lang the hour was growin' late ;
But he wi' cronies dear an hour would pass,
The sang went round, round went the flowing
glass,
The cantie mirth soon merged in reckless glee,
Wi' freends an' whiskey quick the minutes flee,
An' Mary saw the hours gae by wi' pain,
An' oft she urg'd, then ventur'd to complain,
Then sharp an' brief, repented soon as said,
The hot words came, the dreary gulf was made ;

Tho' dark the nicht, an' rough an' far the road,
Alane went Mary to her quiet abode,
Tho' deep the gloom thro' which she bravely
 prest
A deeper gloom was in her fair young breast.

Again the morn awoke wi' gladsome smile,
Her thousand beauties sparkling bright the while ;
Flowers in the field, an' song-birds in the bower,
The bee, the butterfly, on every flower.
Nature was glad but Mary's heart was wae,
For evil news had come to her that day,
'Tween love an' whiskey, o' his sense bereft,
Young Jamie Bell had listed, an' had left.
Left wi' an army o' brave stalwart men
To brave the Kaiser in his dreary den.
This Mary heard in silence, no' a tear
Bedew'd the full round orbs that shone sae clear,
But frae her cheeks the frighten'd roses fled,
An' left the lilies trembling in their stead.

Auld Time on ceaseless pinions onward flew
Days turn'd to weeks, an' weeks to months soon
 grew,
The fiend o' war the carnage had begun,
Blood had been shed an' battles fought an' won.
The stirring deeds perform'd on fields o' fame,
Drove thro' the people's hearts, like living flame,
That frenzied joy, to mark their country's weal,
That free true hearts alone can know an' feel.

An' Mary drank the news wi' eager pain,
Then hunger'd till the mail would come again.
In silence pined, in secret shed the tear,
Nor pour'd her sorrows in the friendly ear,
The heart o'erburden'd when denied relief,
Turns an' destroys itself wi' bitter grief.
But still nae letter came the pulse to start,
An rouse the langour o' her weary heart ;
The lustre vanished frae her sparkling eye,
Her thin wan cheek had lost its rosebud dye,
But brave she strove thro' every hope and fear
To fill the duties o' her humble sphere.

It came at last, the sad, the bitter truth,
Wi' crushing force upon her tender youth ;
Our army met the foe on Alma's height,
Fierce, sharp, and bloody was the desp'rate fight,
An' in the foremost rank young Jamie Bell,
Fought bravest o' the brave, and fighting fell.
Then hope departing, left, in wrecks behind,
The airy castles o' the youthfu' mind.
She bade fareweel to a' her hopes an' fears,
The hidden source o' a' our smiles an' tears,
Nae mair wi' glowing tints, mair bricht than true,
The ever happy future rose to view :
A blasted heath, a desert drear an' lone,
Was now the spot where love's gay garden shone.
Nae mair the cot beside the rippling brook,
Would rise to greet the oft repeated look,
The pleasant hame where she, the happy wife,
Would turn to joys, the little cares of life ;

Love led by fancy thro' the realms o' bliss,
Had ne'er a sadder, purer end than this.

The ivy clings around the brawny oak,
The violet shelters 'neath the mossy rock,
Cut down the tree, the mossy rock upraise,
The ivy withers an' the flower decays.
So had she bloom'd 'neath Jamie's stalwart form,
But that removed she bent before the storm;
An' ere the autumn winds had ceased to rave,
They laid her gently in the lowly grave.

Chill rude December held his gloomy reign,
Wild surly blasts swept ower the wither'd plain,
While white and ghost-like to the wintry sky
The Pentland crests rose tow'ring bleak an' high;
The burns ran bickrin' doon thro' fretted ice
That Nature's hand had wrought wi' strange
device;
Wild eerie sounds fill'd a' the groanin' woods,
And troubl'd Esk row'd strang her yellow floods;
The cow'ring sheep close huddled 'mid the sleet,
Faced the cauld blast wi' loud and piteous bleat.
The mateless bird cower'd silent in its nest,
It's little heart wi' grief an' care opprest;
Nature lay wrapp'd in storm and sullen gloom,
Grey, bleak, an' cheerless as the lonely tomb,
Save when the low chirl o' the robin fell
An' charm'd the storm wi' its sweet soothin' spell;
Bright as a ray of hope that swift doth dart
Thro' the dark mazes of the sinking heart,

A voice prophetic 'mid the storm and gloom,
That spoke of pleasant springs and flowers in bloom.

A wand'rer toil'd alang amid the storm,
That battled fiercely round his feeble form,
Feeble wi' sickness, an' the strain o' wars,
Where health had shone, bloom'd glory's livid
scars ;
His good right arm, the poor man's prop and
shield,
Was left to moulder on some battle field ;
His dearest cronie noo could scarcely tell
That this sad wreck was stalwart Jamie Bell.
The storm was blending wi' the gloaming grey,
As to the lane kirkyard he took his way,
Nane heard the sigh, nane saw the bitter tear,
The dark wild night was a' the witness near,
But hours flew by an' still the storm did rave,
Before he tore himsel' frae Mary's grave.
Again next morn he took his weary way,
Tho' anxious friends pled hard on him to stay,
But ere he went he tauld his brief campaign,
His hours o' glory an' his hours o' pain,
How left for dead upon the Alma's field,
His iron frame forced death at last to yield.
How half-restored he left a foreign strand,
And toil'd to see ance mair his native land.
He heard in silence a' they had to say
O' her that slept beneath the cauld, cauld clay,
His tearfu' e'e belied the hard stern look,
His swelling heart could ill their presence brook,

He took a kind farewell an' soon was gane,
A wand'rer seeking rest an' finding name.

GILMERTON.

LIKE a wart upon a comely face
That weel could stand a reddin'.
Stands Gilmerton 'mong sandy banks,
Scarce three miles frae Dunedin.
A lang lank street o' damp stane wa's,
But crackit near the centre
As if the houses had ta'en fricht
An' gallop'd at a venture.

The biggins a' frae end to end
Wi' yellow white are streekit.
An' some are cover'd ower wi' tiles
An' some wi' strae are theekit.
An' thro' the winnoeks square an' sma'
The licht an' air gae spuein,
Losh can it be the folk are fear'd
The sun sees what they're doin' ?

In dubs o' glaur before the doors
The ducks and geese are daublin',
The hens seart on the midden heads,
Tow-headed bairns are squabblin.'

An' sonsy wives baith neat and clean,
 Are on their doorsteps sittin',
 An' a' are busy wi' their tongues,
 While some are busy knittin'.

An' towsie drabs wi' dirty weans,
 Baith weel could stand a washin',
 Are gather'd here and there in groups,
 Of coorse they're busy clashin'.
 Here broken steeds an' reestin' naigs
 Are leather'd thro' their paces,
 By queer rough chiels wi' honest hearts
 An' weather-beaten faces.

An auld grey kirk looks ower the place—
 A kirk without a steeple—
 It serves to keep in halesome awe
 A stiff-neck'd stubborn people.
 But as folk canna aye be glum,
 An' will at times be frisky,
 There's ae guid hoose, or maybe twa,
 For vending yill an' whiskey.

There's wee kailyards ahint ilk hoose,
 Some minus o' a palin',
 Where leeks an' curlies try to grow,
 But weeds are sair prevailin'.
 Here grumphie often makes a raid
 Wi' thochts intent on pillage,
 Then fearfu' squeels and wrathfu' shouts
 Alarm the auld Scotch village.

THE WIDOW O' GILMERTON.

THE widow o' Gilmerton sail'd down the street,
Fresh, bloomin', and buskit fu' brawly was she,
Her black silk was kilted to show her wee feet,
For the widow was youthfu', scarce turn'd forty-
three;

To see the rare fun at the blythe carter's play
The brisk rosy widow was making her way.

A' dimples an' smiles was the widow's round face,
A bricht stream o' sunshine the licht o' her e'e,
An' she trippit alang wi' a light airy grace,
Wi' guid day to the neibors the widow was free.
Noo a word wi' the lasses, a joke wi' the men,
Her tongue rattled on like a guid clockin' hen.

The guid toun o' Gilmerton wauken'd that day,
As a lassie would wake on her blythe bridal morn,
A wild thrill o' joy thro' its pulses did stray,
Wi' high expectation each heart was upborne;
An' as pleasure expected is aye pleasure won,
The hail toun look'd happy and bricht as the sun.

Ere the grey o' the morn a' the lads were asteer,
An' each was dress'd oot in his brawest array,
Wi' a Gilmerton posie, the gift o' his dear,
Preen'd on for a breist-knot, I trow he was gay.
Braw busket the horses, an' faith, d'ye ken,
They look'd maist as sensible-like as the men.

They cam frae the east, an' they cam frae the west,
Bricht scarlet an' yellow their ribbons did flee,
While fresh Lothian lasses, a' lookin' their best,
Crowded into the toun a' the wonders to see :
As the lads on their geldings sped past like wild-
fire,
They were no a bit slack baith to praise an'
admire.

Tam Glen spied young Jeanie ahint the white
blind,
Keekin' sly as he passed on his bonnie grey mare,
To please the bit lassie he turn'd like the wind,
An' caper'd an' canter'd wi' skill unco rare :
When grumphie went stoiter amang the mare's
heels,
Quick into the midden Tam coupet the creels.

The fifes an' the drums play'd a gay sprichtly tune,
The procession moved on, faith their order was
queer,
Some gallop'd, some cantered, while ithers broke
doun,
An' some went tail foremost, the rest wadna steer.
O had ye but seen them, I'll swear ye wad say
That a reg'ment o' rainbows was coming that way.

O cauler an' sweet was that blythe summer morn,
The braird on the plough'd fields rose strong,
thick, an' green,

The chesnut, laburnum an' grey dappled thorn
Jewelled rich wi' their glories the dark leafy screen.
An' like twa bashfu' lovers, their hearts fu' o' bliss,
May met blushing June wi' a smile an' a kiss.

Whata hubbub arose when they ran the grand race,
Hens keckl'd, dogs bark'd, an' the geese cried
quack, quack ;
The men yelled an' shouted till red in the face,
An' O the puir horses got many a whack !
An' big Willie Telfer, by spurrin' richt sair,
Won the race by a neck frae Tam Glen's bonnie
mare !

O proud was the victor, he look'd like a king,
As the crowd seized the bridle an' led him away,
Wi' cheering an' shouting the welkin did ring,
An' three times they gied him a hip, hip, hooray ;
Bauld Willie, may weel ower his triumph be gay,
He was greatest o' a' in the parish that day.

A big scarlet tassel his blue bannet graced,
Whilk was cocked agee ower his bronzed manly
broo,
The widow's ain hand had his bricht posie placed,
The sash ower his shouther was crimson an' blue.
His necktie was plain red an' yellow, his joy,
New moleskin his jacket, his breeks corduroy.

On a' his admirers Will graciously smiled,
But O to the widow his manner was bland ;

The fair sonsie widow his soft heart had wiled,
An' thrice as he pass'd her he kiss'd his brown
hand.

The wonder was great at his wonderfu' spunk—
When a Scot shows his love ye may swear he is
drunk.

Rude, rugged, an' bold as his own native hills,
Cold, stern, and austere as his own native clime,
A soul of fierce fire all his icy frame thrills,
And when love moves his being his deeds are
sublime.

But he showeth it not to the keen eye of day
Till danger or whiskey provoke the display.

PART II.

In a cosie back room, at the sign o' the "Plew,"
Its landlordin reposed at the close o' the day,
A bricht cheerfu' fire a mild radiance threw,
On gill stoups an' glasses in shinin' array.
Here aft wi' his cronies he'd empty a jorum,
He ca'd it his snug little sanctum sanctorum.

The landlord was stout, as a landlord should be,
Wi' an' e'e like a robin's espying a crumb,
To show it was guid aft his yill he wad pree,
But when custom was scarce he look'd rather
glum,
A shrewd pawkie carle, but grippy a wee,
Yet no a bad mortal when in a guid key.

In the pride o' her charms, like a fully-blown rose,
The plump sonsie widow sat close by his side,
A warm spicy supper smok'd under their nose,
The supper an' love seem'd their thochts to divide.
While to make a' the juices flow free thro' the
body,
They washed it weel doun wi' libations o' toddy.

O frail human nature, that love should ere change!
Love bright and immortal, the best gift o' heaven
In our youth 'neath the bloom of the hawthorns
we range,
And youth is contented if pure love be given.
But the chill blasts o' age make it lose half its
charm,
Then comfort maun step in to keep the dame
warm.

Fu' sweet was the widow, she play'd weel her part,
She wad first help the landlord, an' then help
hersel',
Plying wee nameless naethings that win to the
heart,
He couldna, or wouldna, resist the dear spell.
As the web o' the spider emeshes the fly,
Hesank 'neath the snares o' the widow's black eye.

The viands were tasty, but sweeter they grew,
The touch o' her plump dimpl'd hand made them
rare,

The toddy was guid, an' the jokes werna few,
Love, meat, drink, an' mirth, what could mortals
 wish mair ?

So the landlord's ha, ha, an' her merry he, he,
Made the hail biggin ring, sae great was their glee.

The keen pawkie widow the supper had plann'd,
A proposal o' wedlock she meant it should draw
Frae the Landlord, already her visions were
 grand,

He was under her thoomb, she was mistress o' a';
Half in pride, half in folly, we lay doun oor
 schemes,

When fate quietly coups them we wake frae oor
 dreams.

But where was Will Telfer, him the widow had
 wiled.

Had led a goose chase, an' now left him wi' care,
On Will an' the landlord alternate had smiled,
Each in turns was a' rapture, or else a' despair.
Wi' a weakness for Will she had hung lang in
 dalliance,

But the cash o' the landlord had pu'd doun the
 balance.

An' what said mistress Jean ? weel the Landlord
 could tell,

How his hoose was her care for lang years without
 doot,

Jean said little, but thocht she wad like him her-sel',

If the widow stepp'd in she was sure to step oot.
So Telfer an' her made a dainty bit plan,
He wanted a wife, she could do wi' a man.

The weird hour of midnight was now drawing nigh,

Mair sweet grew her favours an' he grew mair keen,

Words rose to his lip there to quiver an' die,
But wha could resist the love glance o' her een?
An' the words that set hearts loupin' fearfu' an'
fast

Wi' the least bit o' tremor were spoken at last.

The widow look'd doun wi' a blush an' a smile,
The landlord beseechin' fell plump on his knee,
He wrung her saft hand an' used many a wile,
The widow seem'd coy, an' nae answer wad gie.
At that instant there peal'd frae the auld parish tow'r

Wi' a knell deep an' solemn, the dread midnight hour.

Her ruby lips parted to gie sweet consent,
But a gloom maist uncanny around them now
grew,

In fear an' in tremblin' their keen eyes are bent,
While the fire seem'd to twinkle, the lichts to
burn blue,

An' full in the doorway, ye great Powers defend,
A sight met their gaze made their hair stand on
end.

Each thocht as in terror they look'd ance again
That the steam o' the toddy that rose frae the
glass,

Or the fine mist that clings round the toddy
drench'd brain,

Play'd pranks wi' their sense, made the scene
come to pass.

But no, there stood a spectre, wi' fierce ghastly
stare,

Thrice it shook its lang talons, thrice mutter'd,
Beware !

Ere she fell in a faint, loud the widow did scream.
In the arms o' the landlord she meant she should
fa',

She cam' doun wi' a thud, he was lost in a dream,
Sae under the table she row'd like a ba'.

Then the ghost seem'd to think that its mission
was o'er,

For it melted in air wi' a hiss an' a roar.

Alarm'd by the shreik, in the neibors did flee,
"Losh sake," was the cry, "look at this, look
at that ;"

They raised up the widow, nae feather was she,
Then turn'd to the landlord to see what was
what ;

Wha scarce able to move, was unable to think.
Some said it was terror, mair thocht it was drinl

The match cam' to naething, for she wad main
tain

That her late husband's wraith a' the mischief had
made,

Had forbidden the banns, mair proceedings were
vain,

An' he fain acquiesced in whatever she said.

He took things unco easy, an' as for his fricht,
A glass or twa extra made everything richt.

Will nurs'd round the widow, Jean took care o'
her love,

Twa waddin's cam off, where but ane micht hae
been,

A' were happy, but closer than hand fits to glove
Was spruce Willie Telfer, and douce Mistres
Jean,

An' the glances each sent wi' the tale o' the e'e,
Spoke o' secrets no meant to be tell't you nor me.

THE COLLIER VILLAGE.

UP the steep brae, 'tween dry-stane dykes,
The road cuts through the collier village,
There's dark green plantin's on the left,
And on the richt fields under tillage.

A queer hotch-potch o' grey-broun wa's,
Wi' little taste and less o' order,
Here starved kailyards, here midden heaps,
A plot o' grass, a wee flower border.

Close huddled on a rising ridge,
Where wanton breezes weel may shake them,
Weel scour'd within, and clean without,
Some cots look weel as hands can make them,
And some look grimy, bleak, and bare,
Cauld unthrift breeds sad desolation,
Their broken roofs and leaky wa's,
Seem shaking hands wi' ruination.

Below, amang the fair green fields,
Tall chimneys rise, the chiefest feature,
Great pit-shafts yawn an' grey waste-heaps,
Make blotches on the face o' nature.
And 'neath a sultry lowering sky
The simmer air hangs warm an' hazy,
While ower the pits, like great black snakes,
The curling reek crawls low an' lazy.

The village green lies near the road,
A piece o' waste wrench'd frae the common,
Where young an' auld on simmer nichts
Enjoy themsel's till deep in gloamin'.
The elders throw the ringing quoit,
The younkers try their hand at cricket;
Weel pleased the matrons smile to see
Young Hopeful as he stumps a wicket.

The mair sedate discuss the news,
An' some are politics debating,
There's ae auld birkie grim an' grey,
His ain opinion warmly stating.
An' mark that group around the cards
How keen an' eager look their faces !
While round aboot are loud-voiced chielis
Thrang betting on the coming races.

An' see this group o' deel-may-cares,
Low whispers tell they're busy scheming,
Some game preserves will get a fricht
When simple folk are quietly dreaming.
Within the place there's sense an' worth,
He'd be a knave wad daur dispute it,
There's mischief too, and something waur,
He'd be a fool wad try to doot it.

THE POACHERS.

MARK yon grey ruin, near the burn,
That wimplin flows wi' crook and turn,
Here prattlin ower its shallow bed,
Where broad the pebbly channels spread,
There flowing slowly, silent, deep,
Where narrow bounds its waters keep.
A ghastly wreck, baith grim and grey,
Whose every portion speaks decay :

The crumblin' walls, the broken thatch,
The shattered doors and windows match,
And mould'ring rafters, lank and lean,
O'ergrown wi' mosses damp and green,
That thro' the ragged rents are shown
Like ribs of some vast skeleton.

There flits the bat on noiseless wing,
And rank weeds by the hearthstane spring,
While in its chambers fearless, free,
The maukin dwells in misery.

Great change ! sad change ! In bygane days
A different sight wad meet the gaze ;
Search thro' the Lothians, fair an' green,
A bonnier biggin' wasna seen :
White rose the walls, an' clean the thatch,
The doors shine bricht, the windows match,
While up the gavel, ower the roof,
The ivy laced baith warp and woof ;
And climbin' plants a' round were braced
Like boddice round a leddy's waist :
A garden plot bloom'd sweet and fair,
The hand o' taste was witnessed there,
While cunning hands wi' little din
Made peace and comfort dwell within.

Mark Temple and his bonnie dame
In thae blest days made this their hame ;
A winsome pair they were in sooth,
Firm knit in honour, love, and truth,
The village smith his hammer rang,
Wi' mony a stanch and sturdy bang,

While to the anvil's ringing chime
His cheery voice kept merry time ;
While fu' o' health and happiness,
An' a' that brings to mortals bliss,
She wrought her wark, an' kept frae strife,
Content an' proud to be his wife.
While memory fond turn'd back to gaze
Upon that first o' happy days,
A day an hour she'd ne'er forget
When first she loved, when first they met.

October, deck'd in gold and green,
Ruled monarch ower the lovely scene,
Safe housed in barn an' stuck the grain,
The aftermath bloomed on the plain,
A mellow splendour saftly fell
On wood an' meadow field and dell ;
While, with the splendour sweetly blent
An air o' fulness and content,
As if our genial mother earth
Rejoiced to see her fruitful birth,
As mortal might whose goal is won,
By work accomplished, duty done.

Fair Cowden's games were held that day,
An' Cowden fields look'd unco gay,
For stalwart lads were gathered there,
An' blooming lasses sweet an' fair,
Wi' ropes an' stakes a ring is made,
While crowds around stand close array'd ;

They watch wi' earnest richt guid will
The feats o' strength, an' speed, an' skill,
Strong vigorous arms in friendly war,
The ponderous hammer fling afar,
Or hurl the massy puttin' stane
Wi' giant force across the plain ;
Wi' steady hand, an' e'e intent,
Straight to the mark the quoit is sent :
Some vault, or leap, or in the dance
In flowing tartans gaily prance ;
Oot ower the sward wi' nimble feet
The runners press baith strang and fleet ;
Each nerve an' muscle on the strain,
Each strives the foremost place to gain,
And as the winning post they near
The crowd spurs on wi' shout an' cheer.
A stronger arm, a foot mair fleet,
That day Mark Temple did not meet.
There first she saw him face to face,
He stood the victor in the race,
They met, they loved, they woo'd, were wed,
Ere scarce a year had ower them fled,
An' ere anither year had run
Mark Temple smiled upon his son,
How sweet to him the joys o' hame,
His prattling babe, his winsome dame,
When the lang nichts o' winter fell,
An' biting frosts were keen an' snell ;
When ower the bleak raw snaw-clad moor
Wild icy storms drove cauld an' dour,

He'd bar the door, the shutters close,
An frae hard labours seek repose.
The weary hand, or weary brain,
Find then a respite frae their pain,
When round the warm bricht bleezin' ingle
The auld an' young folk cheerfu' mingle ;
An' as the storms roar loud without
We cour the closer round aboot,
Like birds within a cosie beild,
Wi' thankfu' hearts for sic a shield.
They little ken the bliss o' hame
Wha seek for joys in power an' fame,
Some strive for glory in the field,
Or in the senate power to wield,
By cosie hearth there's mair o' glee
Than power or might or wealth can gie.

Ae autumn nicht, his darg was o'er,
Mark sauntered frae his cottage door,
The nicht was warm, the Inn was near,
He met a friend, sae in they steer,
An antrin hour he here wad pass,
To hear the news, an' drink a glass,
Or wi' some cronie oft wad stay
A friendly match at quoits to play.

That queer auld-fashioned cosie Inn
Sae snug an' clean, and free frae din,
Was aye a favourite choice retreat
A chosen houff for freends to meet.
Here gossips ower their pipes an' ale
The news or scandal wad retail,

Or settle, ower a keen debate,
Some knotty point in kirk or state ;
An' prove wi' ease and logic strong
That this was right, an' that was wrong,
At least to their ain satisfaction,
Things that drove statesmen nigh distraction.

And frequent guests were certain chielis
Wild, stalwart, reckless, ne'er-do-weels,
Wha never thocht it was a crime,
In fitting place, an' proper time,
To bag a pheasant or a hare,
Wi' help o' gun, or net, or snare ;
An' Mark an' they oot ower their ale
Recounted mony a stirring tale,
O' woods an' plantins made fu' licht
On mony a glorious moonlicht nicht.
For Mark before he Mary saw
Had been the boldest o' them a' ;
The keenest scout to scent the prey,
Or lure the keepers far away,
The surest shot, the strongest hand,
In a' that stalwart reckless band.
But gentle love has mony a charm
The strongest passions to disarm,
And Mark, for winsome Mary's sake,
Ne'er socht the covert, wood, or brake,
Tho' pheasant's cry, or paitrick's whirr
Made every pulse within him stir.

The hours flew by wi' easy canter,
Wi' laugh, an' sang, an' joke, an' banter.

They ply'd him weel wi' mony an art
In that nicht's sport to take a part ;
They flattered weel, then hinted fear,
Tried every plan but idle sneer,
That nane wad try, for a' the band
Had great respect for Mark's richt hand.

Strong Samsons, great in limb and brain,
Have hours when a' their strength is vain ;
When weak as ither men they stand
A prey to sly temptation's band.
When in the heart lurks strong desire
A single spark will light the fire.
Tho' firm at first, he weakly bent,
An' gied at last a wild consent.

Oot ower the Roman camp, the moon
Sail'd slowly to the lift aboon ;
Across the starry front of Heaven
Dark straggling clouds were lightly driven,
An' darkened whiles the glorious ray
That else shone almost bright as day,
Broad field and mead, and sloping lea,
Lay rob'd in beauty fair to see ;
And rolling waters, as they stray'd
Thro' plantin' deep and darksome glade,
Sparkl'd and gleamed like jewels bright
Hung on the breast of silent night.

Hark, to that tell-tale loud report !
'Tis poachers at their dangerous sport,

More frequent now the shots are heard,
With clanging wing of frightened bird,
Who, startled frae their slumbers light,
Seek safety in the hasty flight.

The reeling coveys, as they rise,
Blinded wi' terror and surprise,
Wi' glancing wing, an' plumage bright,
Reflecting in the pale moon-light,
In frenzied bursts the plantin' sweeps,
And fall at last in gory heaps.

They beat the covers, one by one,
An' take the game wi' snare an' gun,
Where creeping ivy throws its shade,
Or the tall rye-grass droops its blade,
Where spreading broom an' shaggy whin
Afford a spot to shelter in ;
The prickly brier, an' bramble brake,
And shooting fir they rudely shake,
Quick frae their depths the paitrick springs,
The pheasant monnts on whirring wings,
The maukin wild an' bounding hare
Fall struggling in the deadly snare.

Mark, hottest in the exciting chase,
Had left his comrades in the race,
Newbattle parks an' Abbey grey
Before him in the valley lay ;
A faint flush in the eastern sky
Gave sign that morn was drawing nigh ;
He turned to leave the dangerous place,
But pausing, for he now could trace

Between him an' the growing light,
Perched on a fir of goodly height,
A pheasant rare, his wond'ring e'en
Its match had very seldom seen.
Of noble size, and beauty rare,
In shape and plumage passing fair,
With speckled wing of brown and black,
And gold and green on breast and back ;
His eye gleamed bright in scarlet bed,
And purple-black his crested head.
A woodland king, what strength and grace
In every motion one could trace !
He stretched his arched and glossy neck
That gleamed with many a bar and speck,
Lifted his pinions free and light,
Then stoop'd his crest, prepared for flight :
A shot rings out, the noble prize
A mangled heap of beauty lies,
Ere Mark had fired the deadly shot,
Sage prudence whispered, "Fire it not."
When fiery impulse leads the way
Calm sober sense maun tine the day.
He bent to raise the bleeding bird,
But ne'er the stealthy footstep heard,
An' as he turned to leave the place
The keeper met him face to face.
His first impulse was now to run,
His next to rush an' grasp his gun,
That safe in hand, he turns to flee,
Black Dick was just as quick as he,

An' clutched it too with iron strength,
An' each has found his match at length.
They stood a moment calm as fate,
Wi' brows like nicht, and een like hate,
A grim smile broke on black Dick's face,
On Mark's cool scorn had left its trace.
Had Dick but gi'en one lusty shout
Mark's capture was beyond a doubt,
But confident of strength an' skill,
Of daring mood, an' strong of will,
He scorn'd to draw assistance nigh,
Alone he'd capture him, or die.
Without a word, without a sign,
Their stalwart frames an' limbs entwine,
'Twas fearful, yet sublime, to see
That struggle for supremacy.
Mark strove by art an' mighty strain
His deadly weapon to regain.
Wi' thews an' sinews braced like steel
His onslaught made the keeper reel ;
Who, driven backward, made a slip,
Mark wrenched it frae his iron grip,
And fired wi' passion, aimed a blow
Full at his dour relentless foe,
If eye an' foot had not been fast,
Black Dick, that blow had been thy last,
But as it was, the mighty stroke
The barrel bent, crush'd lock an' stock,
And ere defence he could renew
Full at his throat the keeper flew,

As mastiff springs upon its prey,
Or mountain torrent cleaves its way.

Now hate adds fury to the strife,
The prize is liberty, nay, life ;
Like deadly snakes they twist an' eoil,
Their breathing deep betray their toil,
That an' no other sound is heard,
Save snapping twig or startled bird,
In strength, endurance, nerve, an' skill,
In courage, dourness, force of will,
So equal matched in these were they
A straw might bend it either way.

It came at last, Mark stagger'd, reel'd,
Swift as a hawk the keeper wheel'd,
The advantage now was on his side
That might the victory decide.
But eager haste the chance has spoil'd,
And left unguarded, furious, foil'd,
Mark closed, and grappling fierce and fast,
Has dash'd him to the earth at last.
So fierce, so sudden closed the fray
That where he fell, he senseless lay.

He look'd upon his fallen foe,
An' grieved to see him lie so low,
So cold, so white, so still he lay,
Mark thought that life had fled away,
But frae a cool and wimplin' burn
He laved his brow, saw life return,
Then dash'd into the covert near
As footsteps sounded on his ear.

Braid daylight stream'd on hill an' plain
Ere he his cottage could regain.
Nae piteous moan did Mary make,
Tho' whiles a sigh the silenee brake,
An' O, her sad an' mournfu' glanee
Gaed to his heart as keen's a lance.
Worn out wi' toil an' want o' sleep,
He soon lay wrapp'd in slumber deep,
But scarcee twa hours had ower him fled.
When strong men stood around his bed,
An' rude strength placed the iron bands
Upon his strong and sinewy hands.
They answer'd to his quick request
What meant that prompt and stern arrest ;
“ Black Dick lies stabbed, your knife was found
Deep in what's thought a mortal wound.”
Then Mark turned pale, as well he may,
And Mary fainted clean away.

Tho' sair an' grievous was his wound
The keeper struggled slowly round ;
Tho' lang an' doubtfu' was the strife,
An' sair the tug 'tween death and life.
Mark lay in prison for a time,
Then stood his trial for the crime.
He pled ‘ Not Guilty,’ all in vain,
There, wan an' thin wi' present pain,
The keeper told his story plain,
How they had met, had closed in strife,
The broken gun, the bloody knife,

Were silent witnesses that day
Of Mark's share in the bloody fray.

The paleness left the pris'ner's face,
The hot blood mounted to its place,
“The keeper tells his story well,
We met an' fought until he fell,
The gun is mine, an' mine the knife,
But never yet in hottest strife
Was it ere used, and well I know
My hand ne'er struck the coward blow.
His pleadings fell on heedless ears,
Tho' some were there who heard in tears.
Most thought him guilty, their decree
Was banishment across the sea.

And Mary, after he was gane,
Came back to her auld hame again,
Near in their troubles they had been,
As oak enclasped by ivy green,
Her courage high, an' cheerfu' smile,
Did mony a weary hour beguile,
While hope would whisper to her pain
Tho' parted now they'd meet again.
Since he had gane, a year had fled,
An' sair she battled for her bread,
Her heart was richt, an' friends were true,
So brave an' weel she struggled through.

Ae nicht, her daily darg being done,
An' hushed to rest her infant son,

She sat an' e'ed the ingle's blaze,
Her thochts intent on ither days.
It was a wild an' darksome nicht,
A fearfu' storm was at its hieht,
The lightning flashed, the thunder roar'd,
The pelting rain in torrents pour'd,
The shrieking winds in terror tore
Round casemate loose an' creaking door,
Or sank in eerie soughs till lost
Like wailings o' the doomèd host.

A knock is heard, and quick the door
Is open thrown, an' ower the floor
A way-worn, storm-drenched, wand'rer crawls,
Whose death-like face wi' fear appals.
I ask for rest an' shelter too,
What ! Mary Temple, is it you ?
He paused, then mutter'd as in fear,
“The hand of God has led me here.
Am I so changed ? that frighten'd face
Tells me my lineaments you trace,
But calm thy fears and clear thy brow,
John Haldane cannot harm thee now.”
“ I do not fear,” was her reply,
But watch'd him with a jealous eye ;
“ The present is wi' grief ower-cast,
For mair why should we rake the past ?
You're weary, rest ; and hungry, eat ;
There stands a chair, an' here is meat.”
“ I thank thee, Mary, and will rest,
For I am weary and distrest,

There sit thee down, and I'll sit here,
What ! still a doubt, and still a fear.
I'll meet God's face and mighty arm
Too soon to think of doing harm.
To right a wrong that gives you grief
I come, so hearken, I'll be brief.
When you refused my proffer'd hand
I left my home and native land,
And sought my passions dark to quell.
Love turned to hate is Heaven turned hell.
I hated Mark, I hated you,
Whom once I loved so well and true ;
I could not find relief in change,
So back I came to work revenge.
I watch'd and waited, plotted, plann'd,
At last the chance was in my hand.
That night when Mark was wiled away
The men who did it had my pay.
And like a sleuth-hound, all that night
I dogg'd his steps, I saw the fight,
And saw him drop the fatal knife,
When closing in the desperate strife.
'Twas well it struck no vital part,
I aim'd it at the keeper's heart,
There left it quivering in its sheath
And fleeing thought I fled from death.
I hated Mark with passion true,
My hate was on the keeper too,
And thought by that one blow of wrath
To clear them ever from my path.

May God forgive me ; and from you
I fain would crave forgiveness too.
But haste and bring the pastor here
That I may tell this to his ear;
I sent thy husband o'er the sea,
The tale when told will set him free."
'Tween joy and horror Mary heard
John Haldane speak, drank every word,
Then sprang to do his strange behest,
Still pity filled her tender breast.
" And you ?" she said. " Nay, never fear,
No danger can ere reach me here,
Thanks for the thought, thy fear is vain
I ne'er will see the sun again."
Mark pardon'd was, and once more free
His wife soon join'd him o'er the sea,
And fortune with her glittering wand
Shower'd golden favours in his hand ;
And mighty herds and pastures fair
He own'd as lord and master there ;
While children cheer'd their home with mirth,
And peace kept nestling at their hearth.

THE "HONEST TOUN."

A QUIET town, near to the lone sea shore,
Grey with the rime of hoar antiquity,
The sails of commerce and the wheels of trade

Ne'er swept the cobwebs from its pulseless heart,
Nor waked its latent energies to life.
So dull, so still, that on a summer's noon,
While standing in its very heart, one may,
Without great stretch of fancy, think himself
Within the bounds of great Sahara's plain.
With open mouth the one great street rolls down
To where the breezy links, on either hand
With rolling sweep, fling out their billowy plains,
Where at their cheerful calm health-giving game
The steady golfers walk the usual round,
The slouching 'caddie' shambling at their heels,
The liveliest product of the 'Honest Toun.'

THE YEOMANRY RACES.

THE sun was stealing up the glowing east
Kissing the raindraps frae the lofty spray,
When Doctor John, safe mounted on his beast,
Straight to the honest toun did take his way.
Wi' firm resolve that, for that day at least,
Howe'er the warld would wag, he wad be gay,
An' free frae prim decorum's iron traces,
Wad sing his sang, an' frolic at the races.

A queer ramstam tho' no' an ill-faur'd chield
Was Doctor John, a yeoman bauld and stout,
Weel trained to war on Portobello's field,
The foe in fancy oft he put to rout.

When flying squadrons charged, an' deftly wheel'd,
Their gay plumes streaming an' their long swords
out,
Tho' somewhat bunchy John look'd unco canty
Perch'd high upon his lang legg'd Rosinante.

Down by the dykes wi' easy trot he went,
An' snuffed wi' relish keen the morning air,
A soft cool simmer shower a freshness sent
Thro' leaf an' blade, 'twas sweet beyond compare.
The ripening corn that sway'd an' lightly bent
On every spike held jewels rich and rare,
Brighter than diamonds ; fairer than the pearls
That gem the coronets of a thousand earls.

And ower the Roman camp a rainbow flung,
A lustrous arch o' evanescent dyes,
Spanning the azure vanlt, brief while it hung,
Then slowly faded, mingling wi' the skies.
Out frae his cloudy caves bold Phœbus sprung,
Like beauty dazzling the beholder's eyes,
An' over hill, an' plain, an' field, an' meadow,
Light-footed sunshine chases gloomy shadow.

A yellow glow frae July's sultry rays
Flooded the fields as far as eye could see,
Mingled wi' clover nooks an' sunny braes,
Where bleating lambs were sporting fu' o' glee ;
An' low green hawthorns where the wild hare
plays,
Or timid maulkins sport sae blythe an' free,

High ower the woods jackdaws and rooks are sailing,
Deep in their shades is heard the cushat's wailing.

Now Cowden's fertile slopes are in the rear,
Carberry's gentle hill is pass'd wi' speed,
Auld Inveresk's grey kirk is drawing near,
An' sturdy John still spurs his sturdy steed,
Mair frequent now the groups are seen asteer,
Horse, foot, or vehicle hired in hour o' need ;
Newton, and Cowdenfoot black gems are sending,
Moulders frae clean Dalkeith their way are wending.

Near Inveresk he tarried for a space,
The glorious landscape held him captive there,
Hill, plain, wood, water, each the eye could trace,
And all were beautiful and passing fair.
While bright green isles rose from the Forth's embrace,
Her blue waves wall'd them round with jealous care,
And restless waves in long white glittering reaches
Flung flakes of foam along the yellow beaches.

There Berwick Law, seen thro' the saft white haze,
His huge round bulk high cleaving middle air,
Like some great river god of ancient days
Placed there to watch and guard the waters fair

There Fif's shore fretted with an hundred bays,
And streak'd with golden fields and pastures rare,
Blue hills in misty ranges far extending
Their hoary peaks, and cloudland softly blending.

Boast not of Greece, laud not her classic shores,
Her golden clime no fairer scene can own,
Her old heroic day which man adores
My native land can match; but she alone.
Yon noble stream her water proudly pours
Past fields as great as sunbrown'd Marathon,
Here bold-brow'd freedom still her watch is
keeping,
In Greece's myrtle bowers she's idly sleeping.

His horse put up, John hurries to the course,
Where noise an' clamour hold their idle reign,
A queer an' motley throng in wondrous force
Are gathered there for pleasure, sport, or gain.
Gentle an' simple drawn frae every source,
The toun-bred exquisite, the rural swain,
Braw leddys sport aboot in silks an' laces.
In her best wincey Jenny sees the races.

Baith richt an left he elbows thro' the crowd,
Past beggars, dry-land sailors, an' what not;
Great sturdy knaves wi' voices strong an' loud,
In threes an' fours, twa legs among the lot;
An' scrapin' fiddlers o' their skill fu' proud,
An' pipers skirlin' their discordant note,

Fishers frae Fisherrow their wares are vending,
An' colliers frae Tranent their cash are spending.

Here painted limmers frae Auld Reekie's toun,
In bauld unblushing revel face the day,
The champagne circles an' the jest gae's roun',
Amang the thrang they're gayest o' the gay.
Around them witless gowks, wha far ower soon
Hae found the unco road that leads to wae,
Tho' seeming joy an eagle's flight is taking,
The warld ne'er kens when human hearts are
breaking.

Hark how the votaries o' Aunt Sally shout!
An' here's a sparring booth in full career,
Where slashing Jem, an' darkey Sam fu' stout,
Display the manly art to audience queer,
Or pepper wi' guid will some hulking lout
Whose wild aspirings had owercome his fear;
An' all too late had fand he'd caught a tartar
To fell ambition's wiles had sank a martyr.

An' here sly greasy scamps pursue their trade,
Knights o' the card, the thimble, an' the pea,
Wi' cunning hand the wily plot is laid,
The innocents press near the trick to see.
An' aye mair simple than the rest has play'd
An' lost his stake, what better could it be?
When fools an' knaves for lucre set a striving,
'Tis ten to one the knave will be most thriving.

John look'd an' laugh'd at a', but now the bell
Rings loud an' clear to warn the approaching
race;

A' sports are left, the eager crowd pell-mell
Rush here an' there to find some chosen place.
Their favourite's colours now they quickly tell,
As each keen rider tries his horse's pace;
They form in line, the starter's flag is flashing,
An' now it falls, like lightning off they're dashing.

They're off, they're off, is heard on every side,
Now yellow leads, now red, then green, or blue,
Now in a cluster, an' now straggling wide,
Some lag behind, but mair their way pursue.
But up the straight come three, how swift they
glide!

'Mid spurring, yells, an' cheering, on they flew,
Close neck an' neck alang they're bravely spin-
ning,
See yellow wins, no blue, black comes in winning.

PART II.

That nicht in Jess Carmichael's John sat doon,
An' at his side a cronie tried an' true,
They ca' anither gill their cares to droun,
They werena sober, yet they werena fu',
Intent on fun they glanced the kitchen round
An' e'ed wi' keen delight the mongrel crew,

While Jess hersel', a weelfaur'd buxom hizzy,
Wi' serving meat an' drink was unco bizzy.

A dry an' ragged lot I ween were they,
Tormented too wi' hunger's biting gripe,
Ae juggler wha had swallowed swords a' day
Was doing miracles at swallowing tripe.
A luscious mess before him smoking lay,
Their watering gabs the hungry anes did wipe,
An' watched wi' greedy stare an' glances burning,—
The rich aroma maist their senses turning.

Their supper ower, 'twas wonderfu' to trace,—
Like floods o' sunshine after showers o' rain,—
The pleased benign expression on each face,—
Leaving nae trace o' wolfish care or pain.
An' each felt for his neibor in that place,
Peace and goodwill, tho' that was said by nane,
And as they washed it doun wi' creamy nappy
Their happy faces seem'd to grow mair happy.

And as the liquor circled round the ring
Twas strange what cures the potent spirit made,
John heard the dumb in lusty chorus sing,
The deaf could hear, 'here's t'ye,' when 'twas
said;
He saw a cripple dance the Hieland Fling,
He did it weel nor ask'd his crutches' aid,
An' there, what virtues dwell in yill and brandy!
That blind man's winking to that fat auld randy.

The family, puir, distrest, wha a' that day
Had craved an alms wi' piteous trembling air,
Snug in yon corner sit, fu' blythe are they,
Drinking their gill distrest an' puir nae mair.
But see yon hawker wife has raised a fray,
An' Geordie Borthwick grips her by the hair,
While Jess flees ben, her tongue gaun like a
clapper,
The hawker squeels an' Geordie growls he'll 'dрап
her.'

At length the din is hushed an' peace restored,
A sturdy ae e'ed carline rose an' sang,
Word suited action, action suited word,
She roar'd sae loud the very rafters rang,
Encore was shouted, an' she was encored,
An' in their midst again she nimbly sprang,
While blinking drabs an' greasy loons applaud her,
In rattling style she gied them Maggie Lauder.

Next on the floor wi' lightsome grace there sprung
A bonnie dark e'ed damsel, straight an' tall,
Scarce to her knee the spangled muslins hung,
Her shapely limbs John's fancy did enthrall.
Like some fair flower that springs foul weeds
among.
So looked she as she stood among them all,
An' when she poised hersel' so light an' airy,
O' that rude haunt she seem'd presiding fairy.

Like bird that hovers ere it takes to flight,
Or startled stag before he leads the chase,
So stood she for a moment brief an' bright,
While every limb stole into perfect grace ;
Above her head a tambourine shook light,
Kept tinkling time to every bounding pace,
Her pliant form the soul of motion moulding,
And beauty's fairest shapes each step unfolding,

In wild delight they watch'd her thro' the dance,
And thunders o' applause her toils repay,
Then gallant John did gallantly advance,
An' frae her triumphs led the lass away.
Then doun beside her sat, as if by chance,
By this time he was getting unco gay,
Ah John, my man, 'twad rather cool'd your fancy
Had ye but turn'd your thochts on hamean' Nancy.

John wasna thinking now o' wife or hame,
For fu' o' fun an fu' o' drink was he,
And as for Nancy, jealous doryt dame,
She's at her fireside, there we'll let her be.
Ca' in anither gill, an' in it came,
An' now he reached the tapmost hichts o' glee,
The airy hichts where gods wi' Bacchus revel,
But common mortals reaching, reach the devil.

O drouth ! my country's curse, my country's shame !
Thou birth of hell insatiate fierce desire,
To quench the horrors of thy burning flame
Thy various victims various drinks require.

Some claim the maumy yill, some whiskey claim,
And some to fragrant toddy do aspire,
A burning gullet flushed wi' burning whiskey,
Makes mortals unco mad or unco friskey.

An' unco cheery grew that motley crew,
While jolly Laughter sway'd his sceptre there,
In roaring streams aronnd the wild mirth flew,
Brushing the cobwebs frae the breast o' care,
Till for a dance at last some eager grew,
A piper perch'd high on a broken chair
Played up a lively spring upon his chanter,
That thirl'd their hearts an' made them lightly
canter.

Pechin' an sweating onward thro' the dance
Baith earle an' carline flew, the auld an' young,
Their streaming locks bright in the gaslicht glance,
Wi' shouts o' revel a' the kitchen rung.
And John wha ettled at the glorious chance,
Up wi' the dark-e'ed damsel lightly sprung,
And mang the lave away they blythely caper
His arm around her waist sae sma an' taper.

Tho' John was rather bulky in the build
Yet strang an' soople on his legs was he,
In reels an' country dances when he will'd
He licht could shake his foot, an' weel could she.
A sonsie pair, sae blythe an' wondrous skill'd,
The drouthy lot wi' admiration see,

To show their keen delight they didna swither,—
While ilka step seem'd better than the ither.

Mid wild applause on went the soople pair,
The piper fired wi' emulation too,
Puff'd exura life into his stirring air,—
While round an' round in airy bounds they flew.
They're at their height, could mortals ere do mair,
Terpsichore gleg dame nae mair could do,
When back the door flew wi' a fearfu' hurry,
And in their midst stood Nancy like a fury.

The ‘hooch’ was strangled in John’s very throat,
An’ dee’d away into a stifled yell,
The startled piper, blew an’ eerie note,
Then frae his shaky perch he headlang fell ;
While Nancy glared around the curious lot,
Her very presence seem’d to work a spell ;
And John half sober’d reel’d against the gavel,
A jealous woman is a very devil.

Immortal Jupiter in ancient days,—
When playing pranks wi’ heathen hizzies fair,
Was whiles surprised amid his erring ways—
Then jealous Juno kaim’d his flowing hair,
So John was startled, lost in wild amaze,
He ask’d himsel’ at times how cam’ she there,
But she was there, that couldna be disputed,
An’ he was there, he wished that he could doot it.

“ Ye graceless neer-do-weel, what do ye here ?
Faith, but I'll claw your lugs when ye get hame ;
An' you, my lass, this sport will cost ye dear,
Ye brazen limmer, o' think shame, think shame.”
And Nancy flew as wild as ony bear
Upon the lass, her een like flaughts o' fame,
She jinkin like a hare wham hounds are after,
Ran frichted round the place mid roars o' laughter.

Like vengeful Nemises ran Nancy too,
Ower tables chairs an' stools on went the pair,
Sae hot an' close did Nancy still pursue
The darke'ed lassie went like wing'd despair.
An' mair an' mair the distance 'tween them grew,
When waefu chance she coupit ower a chair,—
An' wi' a shriek she fell wi' dinsome clatter,—
An' wi' a fearfu' yell sprang Nancy at her.

Eh but ye'll catch it noo my bonnie lass,
A jealous woman ever leaves her mark,
Her hand is raised to strike, out went the gas
And cheated Nancy stumbles in the dark.
How they got hame that nicht we'll let that pass,
But John said often it was fearfu' wark,
An' sair an' lang she utter'd dire menaces,
An' since that day he's ne'er been at the races.

THE AULD FARM HOUSE.

Low doun where the river flows fleetly an' free
Stands the grey auld farm-steading o' Thornilee,
Snug lying embower'd in a bright leafy screen,
Like a broun beech nut mang its foliage green :—
There's an' air o' quiet comfort about the place,—
Like the glad smile o' joy on a comely face.
Frae the flowers in the garden, the fruit on the
trees,
An' the line o' white skeps comes the murmur o'
bees ;
Frae the ducks on the water, the fowls in the yard,
An' the pigs in the sty ither murmurs are heard,
The coo o' the cushie comes ower frae the wood,
The sleek kine in the meadow are chewing their
cud,
Wi' hoofs deep in the ryegrass sae sappy an' green,
And a heaven o' content in their calm dreamy een.
While the great yellow stooks tow'ring high into
space
Cast the shadow o' plenty around the auld place.

THE KIRN O' THORNILEE.

At the merry kirn o' Thornilee
Sat the auld gudeman wi' a heart o' glee,
A blythe auld earle I ween was he,
O weel did he grace the festive board,—
Where he sat as a friend, but ruled like a lord,

Stalwart an' buirdly, a cheek like a cherry,
A laugh like a giant whose heart is merry,
An e'e that sparkl'd like rosy wine
When the juice is pour'd in the bright sunshine ;
His lang broun locks they were flaked wi' grey,
Like fields wi' frost on a winter's day.
The youth that stirr'd in his stalwart frame
Suffused his face wi' a genial flame,
It glow'd like the sun, it warmed like the same,
But keen an' shrewd, tho' merry an' free,
Was the pawkie guidman o' Thornilee.

Under his shadow, close by his side,
His ae treasure sat, his joy an' pride,
She look'd like her mither, an' she was gane,
His pleasure was mixed wi' a feeling o' pain.
Maggie was worthy his love aif' care,
Bonnie an' blooming, an' modest as fair ;
Saft was her smile as the chaste sunbeam,
That ripples the waves o' the rippling stream ;
The life, the light o' the farmer's ha',—
Her presence brought joy an' peace to a',
Like bird on the wing, a bee in a bower,—
Working an' singing throughout the hour,
Nae grand leddy airs, tho' a leddy was she,
Ever blasted the pleasures o' Thornilee.

Many a wooer had socht her hand,
Some for her heart, an' some for her land,
Many aane had sighed out his pain,

If it eased his heart 'twas a' his gain,
For heart an' hand she wad gie to name.
O love maun aye hae a quick return—
Or its fires unfed will cease to burn,
Some left in grief an' some left in pride,
But twa still clung to fair Maggie's side.
Young Frank o' Harden, an' Hab the miller,
Frank for her love, an' Hab for her siller,
Hab was blackaviced, auldish, an' slee,
Frank was handsome, an' manly, an' free.
Mony an airt did the miller try
Courtin' the lass and the faither forby.
Youth clings to youth wi' a passion true,
That cunning an' airt can ne'er undo,
The heart o' the lass is lost an' won,
An' Hab an' his airts are baith undone.
The ring was bought and the feast prepared,
An' young an' auld in the pleasure shared,
An' the lazy hours crept slow away
Till they brought the merry bridal day.

Never was bonnier sight ere seen
Than a fair Scotch lass on her bridal e'en,
Handsome an' winsome, tender an' true,
A modest blush on her snawy broo,
A tear o' joy in her sparklin' e'e,
A smile on lips that would tempt the bee,
A wealth o' love in her pure young heart,
An' a trust that only death can part;

She stands on the shores of the unknown sea
Looking out on the dim futurity.
The bark is afloat, an' the steady sail
Is spread to catch the favouring gale ;
Away thro' calm an' thro' storm an' strife
The bark sails on thro' the ocean of life,
With him she loves to counsel an' steer
There's much to hope an' little to fear;
The waves must be wild will the bark o'erwhelm,
With true love and faith to watch the helm,
Should the worst ere come, then close to him,
Clasp'd hand in hand they can sink or swim.
To such may there never come grief or pain,—
The weary heart or the troubled brain ;
And O, may their joys be ne'er o'ercast
By poverty's grim an' surly blast :
May the demon of doubt ne'er reach the heart
Making all that is good an' pure depart,
But may joy on joy still faster speed,—
Rich in their blessings and great in their meed,
Bringing peace of heart that is peace indeed.

Young Maggie sat on her bridal day,
'Mong her comely maidens happy an' gay,
A single rose in her dark broun hair,
In all her heart not a single care,
For the heart is light, or ought to be,
When our dearest wish seems certainty.
The guests are met, the pastor is there,
With his calm bright face, an' long white hair,

With a word for some, a smile for all ;
He winneth the hearts of great and small.
And each is glad in that grand old room :
But why cometh not the young bridegroom ?
The wine is pour'd, an' the feast is set,
And still the bridegroom tarrieth yet ;
The clock strikes the hour 'mid silence deep,
The bride turns pale, an' the maidens weep,
Their glee is quench'd an' they all sit dumb,
They watch, still the bridegroom does not come,
A nameless terror upon them fell,
They sat as if under a magic spell,
Till the pastor broke it with a prayer,
An' raised up their hearts frae dark despair.
They search'd the glen, an' they scour'd the
woods,
They dragg'd where the stream ran deep wi'
floods,
Hab the miller was aye in the van,
Doing whate'er could be done by man ;
The search was lengthy an' close an' keen,
But Frank o' Harden was never seen.

Maggie lay doum on a bed o' pain,
An' watching an' care seemed a' in vain,
They thocht that she ne'er wad rise again ;
But greedy-eyed Death at last did flee,
Leaving youth an' strength the victory.
Then health came spreading the rosebud's glow,
All over the cheeks as pale as snow,

Her eye that sparkled bright as her sire's,
At times would flash wi' its wonted fires,
But the merry laugh was heard nae mair,
An' the calm broo hid a heart o' care,
And years flew past till they numbered three,
And brought round the kirn o' Thornilee.

At the blythesome kirn o' Thornilee.
Sat a merry joyous company,
The guidman rose frae the auld arm chair
An' spoke to the guests assembled there,
Let each and a' make themselves at hame,
Wha winna do that are much to blame.
Eat, drink, be merry, there's plenty there,
When that is done there is plenty mair,
They are fules that like na halesome fare.
We're thankfu', an' less wad be a sin,
The green crap's guid, an' the white is in,
A guid fu' hairst, an' enough at least
To keep thro' the year baith man an' beast,
An' sae this should be a merry feast.
Auld Arthur Seat has his nichtcap on,
The nicht is wet, an' the keen winds groan,
Sae let nane gang past our door this nicht,
Nor woman, nor wean, nor luckless wicht ;
Here let them rest till the morn shall daw,
An' eat an' drink, there's enough for a'.

The guidman sat down, a rattling cheer
Made the rafters shake, the rattons fear.

They set to the feast before them laid
Wi' a purpose fell, baith man an' maid ;
They pree'd the puddings, baith black an' white,
An' the juicy collops wi' keen delight.
The big saut round lost mony a slice,
The crispy bannocks were unco nice,
An' caverns were made, baith deep an' wide,
In the lordly haggis, the table's pride.
An' after they a' had ate their fill
They quenched their drouth wi' the creamy
yill.

The guidman cracks o' the harvests gane,
When guid or bad was the gouden grain ;
An' drags fra mony a bygane year
Whatever memory held maist dear.

The auld Scotch sangs are now sung wi' glee,
An' auld Scotch stories are tauld sae slee,
The mirth grows loud an' shakes ilk rafter,
The minutes dee in shouts o' laughter,
An' the hours speed by wi' headlang flight,
Like the falling stars as brief an' bright,
That hover shining on the vision,
A spark o' bliss an' joy elysian.
That fleeting, bright, but uncertain ray
That gies to our life its holiday.

They clear out the barn, sae lang an' wide,—
Bricht lanterns shine on either side,
While fifty couple wi' eager feet
Spring up to the music's merry beat ;

Snug in a corner, cantie an' crouse,
Sat the auld blind fiddler cannie an' donce,
His heart was green if his head was grey ;
His thochts were aye wi' the fields o' May,
An' lightsome springs could the auld man play.
A shaggy dog sat close to his knee,
An' watch'd ilk corner wi' jealous e'e,
O, a tried an' trusted friend was he.
The fiddler strikes up a cantie reel
An' off they dash on the lightsome heel ;
While the mighty barn rocks to an' fro,
Away like a whirlwind on they go.
Blyther an' brisker the music rings,
The fifty couple seem going on springs,
Fifty lasses wi' bright eyes glancing,
Assail the hearts o' the lads advancing,
Each lad obeying true love's behest,
Sets up to the lassie that he lo'es best,
An' wonderfu' proud to show his skill,
He shuffles an' cuts wi' richt guid will ;
While heel and toe make the floor resound
He's cracking his thoombs at ilka bound.
Round an' across like a storm they roll,
Still keeping it up wi' heart an' soul,
While waves o' faces now rise an' fa',
Like the sea when hurricanes strongly blaw,
While ilka face shows the joy they feel,
Inspired by the licht an' heartsome reel.
O the auld scotch sangs, an' auld scotch dances,
An' the young scotch lasses' thrilling glances,
Gang straight to the heart like pointed lances,

Dance followed dance in quick succession,
Momus and Bacchus hae full possession;
Cantrips are play'd that would make one stare,
Music did much but whiskey did mair,
Wild drouthy carles wi' nicht an main,
Reeling, dance thro' a reel o' their ain,
Oblivion reach'd they dance nae longer,
Man may be strong, but whiskey is stronger.
The cheery guidman o' Thornilee,
Is first in the dance wi' frolic an' glee,
He danced wi' a', baith the auld an' young,
Loudest o' a' his merry 'hooch' rung.
Hab was there wi' a smile in his e'e,
Looking as merry as miller may be,
Watching as pussie wad watch a mouse,
Bonnie young Maggie flit thro' the house.
But wha is this wi' the foreign air,
Wi' the stalwart frame an' lang grey hair?
What newcomer's this sae free an' bauld,
That wins the hearts o' baith young an' auld?
The auldest and wisest couldna tell,
Yet amang them a' he bore the bell.
He joked wi' a', baith lasses an' men,
An' queer strange things did the carle ken,
An' bonnie sangs he could sing fu' weel,
An' licht could dance in the stirring reel.
Tho' his locks were grey, his thin cheeks wan,
Soopple an' strong was this strange auld man,
His smooth oily tongue, an' cheery glance,
Wins on young Maggie to join the dance.

While Hab's jealous eye a smile can trace,
Like a sunbeam wand'ring across her face,
As away on the nimble foot they go,
Springing light to the music's lively flow.
There joy an' pleasure go hand in hand,
Trooping around them a merry band,
There rosy mirth wi' the lauching e'e,
An' a heart o' sunshine shouts wi' glee,
And youth an' health with the magic power
Of snatching bliss frae the passing hour,
As in summer days the summer bee
Gathers its stores frae flower and tree.

And now the revel has reached its height,
And rapture follows on keen delight,
When clear an' high ower the lauching din,
Is heard a shriek like a wail o' sin,
Sae wild, sae strange, that it made a' thrill,
And the dancers ceased an' stood stock still;
Rigid they stood in wonder and pain,
Had Phidias come to the world again,
And carved the group frae the solid stane?
The pause was brief, they see wi' surprise,
The auld carle stript o' his strange disguise,
An' young Frank o' Harden stood confest,
While Maggie clung to his throbbing breast.
In the crush o' the dance the false locks fell,
Then love's keen glances the rest could tell.
To cluster around they werena slack,
Hearty an' warm was their welcome back,

Hab the miller turned white as a sheet,
An' fell in a swoon at Harden's feet,
But the blythe guidman o' Thornilee
Wrung his hand wi' a fervour guid to see.
Then the gossips listen'd wi' curious ear,
An' waited wi' open mouth to hear,
What took him away ? where had he been ?
In foreign lands what sichts had he seen ?
He answer'd a' wi' a joke an' a smile.
But nane were wiser for a' their toil,
Only to twa did he tell his care,
The farmer an' Maggie, but tauld nae mair,
But that same nicht did the miller flee,
For what, ask'd the gossips, nane kent but three,
But the weddin' was blythe at Thornilee.

ESK WATER.

WHEN swallows come frae ower the sea,
An' pipe their joy wi' noisy glee,
When lambs are nibbling on the lea,
 Or blythe at play,
An' sweetly blooms the hawthorn tree
 On bank an' brae.

When clouds are licht an' skies are blue,
And plantin's wear their greenest hue,
When frae their depths the lone cuckoo
 Sends out its cry,
When bees in search o' honey-dew,
 Gang roamin' by.

That month the lasses wish away,
To bring to them the bridal day,
On bonnie flowery changing May,
They look wi' dread,
Ill luck would follow, grief an' wae,
Wha then got wed.

Sae softly green, sae glorious fair,
Are woods and skies, like wine the air,
That ae May morn, I maist could swear
By a' the powers,
Fair Eve wi' Adam first did pair,
In Eden's bowers.

Fu' weel I loe in dewy May,
At early morn or gloaming grey,
Alang some river bank to stray,
In dreamy mood,
Dame Fancy takes her wildest play
In solitude.

Perchance by willow skirted Gore,
Whose sullen waters lap the shore,
Or brattlin' Tyne whose infant roar
Rings fu' o' glee,
Or where the Esk her waters pour
On to the sea.

O Esk, thy banks are sweet and fair,
Thy murmuring waters wimple clear,
When hawthorns fill the dewy air
 Wi' sweet perfume,
Lea, glen, and brae are rich an' rare
 Wi' flowers in bloom.

Away where Pentland rears her crest,
Moved by a spirit of unrest,
Thou stole frae out her mossy breast,
 A tiny thing,
As bird might leave the parent nest
 On flick'ring wing.

Saft stealing on wi' pussie's tread,
Meandering thro' thy mountain bed,
The lang green rushes overhead,
 Whiles hide the light,
Whiles thro the lush grass thou dost speed,
 Swift sparkling bright.

But nameless burns their tribute pay,
Full rolling now thy waters stray,
Far reaching gleam thro' plantin's grey,
 Like genius bright,
Piercing the gloom of unborn day
 Wi' heavenly light.

Thro' Habbie's Howe thy waters rin,
Ower channel stanes wi' singing din,
Or in deep pools they quietly spin,
Slow eddying round,
Or foaming leap the craggy linn
Wi' deaf'ning sound.

Here saughs an' birks lean ower thy brink,
Gold moss an' green thy clear waves drink,
An' trembling through each leafy chink
Stray sunbeams play,
Now brightly blue thy ripples blink,—
Now saftly grey.

Wild warbling ower a true love tale,—
The lintie, Scotia's nightingale,
Wi' rapture fills the classic vale
Wi' gush o' sang,
Wi' notes the mavis floods the dale,
Rich, mellow, strang.

Here shepherd lads, sae trig and braw,
Meet wi' their joes at gloaming fa',
By milkwhite thorn, or birken shaw,—
Their loves to tell,
While saft the cushat's evening ca'
Rings doun the dell.

Past cultured field an' craggy steep,
Thro' meadows, groves, and plantins deep,
Serenely calm thy waters keep
 Still gathering power,
But mark their wild majestic sweep
 When tempests lower.

When frae the hills the rain an' thaw
Foam-wreathed in torrents madly fa',
The savage spate wi' hungry maw,
 Like beast o' prey,
Red roaring leaps wi' death to a'
 'Tween bank an' brae.

Past Roslin Castle, auld and grey,
Where heroes fell in ancient day,
By mossy bank an' wood-clad brae,—
 Deep thro' the glen,
Where Drummond sang the melting lay,
 Wild Hawthornden.

Lasswade is past, an' Melville towers,
Thro' Dalkeith parks thy water pours,
To meet South Esk amang her bowers,
 Wi' noisy glee;
Meet an' embrace, then rove 'mang flowers
 On to the sea.

THE ELDER'S DAUGHTER.

"I WADNA tak him wi' his wecht in gold,
Blythe May and bleak December ne'er could gree,"
And wi' a birdlike laugh, half scorn, half mirth,
The elder's daughter sprang upon the floor.

A tall and comely lass o' queenly form,
In the young summer o' her charms she stood,
As you may see a rose in early June,
Its fresh and glowing beauties half unborn.
Bright health sat smiling upon either cheek,
And glowed in every motion of her frame,
And like a lily 'neath a mossy bank,—
Her snaw-white brow lay nestling, calm and still,
Amang the lustrous mass o' auburn hair.
Her sparkling eye was of that deep dark hue
That melts wi' love or kindles into hate,
As feeling prompts, or passion holds the sway.
And at that moment thro' the silken screen
That veiled their fires a lurid blaze shot forth,
The hot blood hotter flamed along her cheek,
And wi' the shapely head thrown proudly back,
A pettish pout upon the cherry lips,
And beating wi' her foot the sanded floor,
Part scorn, part mirth, again the wild words came
"I wadna tak him wi' his wecht in gold."

"Whisht, auntie, whisht," and playfully her hand
Stole over Auntie's mouth to stay her speech,
But grave and grey and spectacled she sat

Primed wi' the wisdom o' full fifty years,
And wisdom, first of godly attributes,
And first of earthly virtues, frowns severe
When hare-brained folly wantons in her sight.

Wi' looks o' quiet contempt thus auntie spoke,
“A bairn may break what giants canna mend,
An idle word may mar a lengthy life,
An’ licht an’ idle as the simmer breeze
Is aye the utterance o’ a dory lass.
Ye wadna tak him, aye, an what for no ?
Does form or face no’ suit your dainty taste,
He’s rich enow to make them baith look weel.
Rich an’ respeckit, what mair could ye wish ?
An’ what mair, think ye, could the warld gie ?
For being rich sae shall ye win respect,
For riches win what virtue oft maun want.
If rash hot words are waur than worthless dross
Sae second thochts are rich as pure coined gold ;
Think twice then, lass, think weel before ye rue,
There’s mony a Lothian lass, baith guid an’ fair,
Wha, like a trout that springs to catch a flee,
Wad jump to catch John Crawford for her ain.
He in the market stands the foremost man,
An’ in the kirk nae elder rules like John.”

“ An’ elder, humph, he’s far ower auld for me,
I think I see him stand before me now,
Tall, spare, and grim, wi’ beetling bushy brows,
And steel cauld een that look ye thro’ and thro’,

The frosts o' three score on his hair and beard,
And mair than polar frost within his heart,
Cauld, wily, cautious, smooth as Jacob's tongue,
A Jacob too, in everything but faith.
For in his langest prayer there sticks a doubt
That bars its progress to the great white throne.
He wears religion like a jewel rare,
And being rare lay'st by when Sabbath's ower,
A guidly ruling elder nane can doubt,
But auntie mine, he never shall rule me."

In blank amaze the ancient spinster sat,
While horror strove wi' wrath upon her face.
" Hush, lassie, stop that bitter-biting tongue ;
How daur ye rail sae on the godly man ?
If he's nae saint, ye're far frae being ane,
An' what for is he not, his steps are sure,
And a' the world ca's him an honest man.
There's no a Sabbath but he fills the kirk,
An' no a collect but he gi'es his mite,
Aye, an' mony a guidly ane he gi'es,
A saint, I doot, could do but little mair,
While thy ain faither, elder tho' he be,
Maun do his best to keep John Crawford's
pace."

" But auntie mine, you ken he'll never try ;
Dry points o' doctrine, and a gloomy face
Are no' the pairts that form my faither's creed.
Last Sabbath as we at the table sat,

When bread was broken, and the wine was
pour'd,
Ere yet the cup had left the pastor's hand
And down the aisles its rich aroma stole,
While silence stood, with finger on his lip,
And hushed the multitude to solemn awe,
In all the crowded kirk I saw not one
Who look'd the man and Christian more than he.
A ray of sunshine thro' the window stream'd,—
And threw a halo round the thin grey locks
Making the happy face look happier still.
A brave true honest face it was indeed.
Grave without gloom, tho' serious not severe,
That spoke of love, faith, hope and charity,
The truest rocks to rest religion on.
It's not our country's way to bare the heart
And show the gaping world its every throb,
The best lo'ed wife is ne'er kissed in the street,
The best loved God is seldom worshipp'd there,
So lacking a' that builds the pharisee,
True Adam Hope walks on his earnest way,
Keeping the golden rule wi' brither man,
Keeping a heart o' love for Father God."
An' wi' a smile o' triumph on her face
Braw Elsie Hope swept grandly from the room.

Upon a little bridge fair Elsie stood
That spann'd Dalhousie's bonnie wimplin' burn,
A fair sweet spot between twa primrose braes,
Out ower a linn a toddlin' bairn might reach,

The crystal waters sang an' danced wi' glee,
But ere they leapt into the shining pool
Where Naiads might have plunged in olden times,
They kiss'd the waving saughs and brakens
 fair,
And hung a gem on every tiny spray.
And as she stood in meditative mood
Pale gloaming leapt from out the ranks of night
An' froze the air wi' strange fantastic forms.
And hark ! from out yon knarled twisted oak
The blackbird bids farewell to dying day,
Wi' sooty coat an' golden throat he seems
Gloaming's high-priest: and as he sweetly sings
Nature seems list'ning to her high-priest's praise.

A sweeter tryst was ne'er for lovers made,
An' truer hearts ne'er met in trysting hour
Than young John Crawford an' fair Elsie Hope.
For ere the sangster's strain had died away
He stood beside her on that little bridge,
And leaning on his stalwart arm she told
How old John Crawford had besought her hand,
" And when I told him that it could not be
With hard and bitter words he spoke your name,
Said how he'd taen a serpent to his breast,
And how the serpent stung him to the heart.
How you, his sister's son, that serpent was.
My passion rose, I gave him gibe for gibe,
Then in his baffled rage he madly swore
That if we two should ever dare to wed,

He'd make you homeless, drive you from his
hearth,
And bring my father down to ruin's brink.
He has the power, an' none can doubt the will."

An' young John listened silent to the tale,
An' then his strong quiet nature calm'd her fears.
In whispers low he spoke the words of hope,
And coming from his lips they sounded sweet.
Both young an' winsome, loving and beloved,
Yet duty whisper'd love must stand aside,
And tho' they question'd much the stern decree
They said "fareweel," an' each pledged each "I'll
wait."

God help the waiting ones that fill the world !
How many think this little "wait" to be
The dreariest word in all our mother tongue.
The years roll'd gleaming thro' their starry paths,
And the old king whom men call Father Time
Into the vaults that stud eternity
Had flung full ten since that calm simmer night,
When John and Elsie parted on the bridge,
And he was toiling 'neath an Indian sun ;
Battling for fame and fortune, the twin stars
Whose light remote lures on the dauntless heart ;
And she, within the household of her sire,
Her quiet round of duties quietly did.
When grief eats at the heart the cheek will pale,
An' tho' the first fresh dew o' youth had fled,
Yet bonnie Elsie Hope was bonnie still ;

An' when a letter came across the sea—
An' mony came to cheer her on her way—
Then for a time her eye flashed youthful fires,
Her cheek would flush, her licht step lichter be,
An' like a sun-scorch'd flower refresh'd wi' rain,
She rose, diffusing beauty all around.

Ten years is long to wait, to wait and win,
But O ! to wait ten years and then lose all,
How Elsie felt this when the missive came
That told her he was dead. Her life a wreck,
A broken wreck upon a shoreless sea.

And that same day another message came
From auld John Crawford, stern unyielding man,
And like a queen robb'd of her royal crown
Great in her mighty grief she met the man
Whose bitter hate had caused her bitter woe.

With all that wealth can buy apart from love
The rich man lay upon his downy bed,
But at his pillow stood the grisly king
Whose iron clutch no man can set aside,
And when she saw the pale wan haggard face,
Mild pity took the place of bitter scorn,
And where she came to ban she stopp'd to pray.
Ere morn the rich man with his fathers slept,
His heiress she ; a lady in the land.
But wealth can never cure the striken heart,
Or bring back peace when blessed peace has fled.
But many a cauldrie hearth an' lowly hame,
Where that grim spectre poortith held levee
Oft felt the joys that weel-warded riches bring,

While blessings cheer'd the giver on her way.
An' she mid wealth an' honour ne'er forgot
The bright green spot that glorified her youth.
An' fancy oft would rove to India's clime
Where the tall palms threw shadows o'er a grave,—
And heard the Ganges as it seaward roll'd,—
Moaning eternal dirges for the lost.
Or when some deed of love had soothed her heart
On fancy's ear the dirges died away,
And then the sacred river joyous sung
Of happy meetings in the better land.

THE MOSSY WELL.

SUNNY mem'ries, sweet and rare,
Golden hued and passing fair ;
Gleams to erring mortals given
Of the shining light of heaven.
Mem'ries of that happy time—
Childhood's days, and youth's bright prime—
Come, like zephyrs, free and fair,
To waft aside the clouds of care ;
Wing my fancy to the dell,
And the lone and mossy well.

Still I see thee as of old
Fretted o'er with green and gold,
'Neath the stately beechen tree,
Strength, protecting purity ;

Watch thy waters brimming up ;
Silver in a golden cup ;.
See thee 'neath the pale moonshine
Like a chalice filled with wine ;
Weary pilgrims say a spell
Lingers round the mossy well.

Half in sunshine, half in shade,
Trickling through the grassy glade,
Till thy course is only seen
By a brighter track of green.
Hark ! the turtle woos his love
In the leafy boughs above ;
'Mang the clouds the lark is winging,
Joyously his anthems singing.
The tuneful tribe the chorus swell
Round the lone and mossy well.

Sweetest joy of that sweet time—
Mellow Autumn in her prime—
Hung the orchards round with gold,
Stor'd the barns with wealth untold.
Then another face with mine
Sparkled in thy glowing shrine ;
And the genii of thy water
Smiled upon earth's fairest daughter,
Heard the vow and knit love's spell
By the lone and mossy well.

By thy margin fancy's beams
Shed a halo round my dreams,
Of noble work and deeds of fame
That wed immortal to a name ;
And as the airy fabrics grew,
I wondering, half believed them true.
Dreams, only dreams, let cynics sneer,
No matter, they're to memory dear ;
That to me throws glamour's spell
O'er the lone and mossy well.

THE AULD SCHULEHOOSE.

THE days o' langsyne, wi their glamour an' glee,
Sends a throb to my heart an' the fire to my e'e :
As they start ance again to remembrance they
seem
Like the visions we see in a sweet pleasant dream :
An' there's name makes my heart feel sae cantie
an' crouse
As the mem'ries that cling round the auld schule-
hoose.

Storm-battered, straw-theekit, it stood on the
green,
The hill lay beyond, an' the burn ran between,
Twa giant auld sycamores threw their cool shade
In the warm summer days ower the spot where we
play'd,

An' mony a wild prank when frae lessons let loose,
 We played roond the wa's o' that auld schule-
 hoose.

In thae days a' the laddies were blythesome an'
 free,

Fierce an' sudden in quarrel but quick to agree ;
 In mirth or in mischief aye gaun heart an' hand,
 In a fecht or a bicker a staunch, sturdy band ;
 An' the lasses were bonnie an' modest an' douce,
 Are their peers nowadays at the auld schulehoose ?

Thegither we roamed ower the green sunny braes,
 When the hawthorn was white an' the birds sang
 their lays ;

Or strayed thro' lane glens where mid freshest o'
 green

The snawdrap an' primrose sae bonnie were seen :
 While wi' loud hearty laughter an' mirth we wad
 roose

The echoes that slept roond the auld schulehoose.

I can still see the Dominie, auld, wrinkled an'
 stern,

Wi' his specks ower his nose, an' his face hard as
 airn,

Intent on instilling dull learning's dry laws

Wi' the best o' a' logic—a guid pair o' taws :

At a word you might e'en heard the cheep o' a
mouse,
While each heart quaked wi' dread in the auld
schulehoose.

An' where are they gane ance sae sportive an' gay,
Wi' hearts fu o' joy as a lang simmer's day ?
Some are wanderers now, ower the wild western
wave,
In the dim trackless forest the red man they
brave :
While Pacific's lone waters, in storms oft let
loose,
Rows 'tween mony a nee an' the auld schulehoose.

An' some hae departed, the dearest an' best,
Far frae hame they lie low in the place o' their
rest,
The sea hath her portion, the battlefield more,
Brave aspirants for fame they fell 'mid their gore :
While their names an' their valour fresh heroes
produce,
To add laurels anew to the auld schulehoose.

The dominie's gane wi' his auld warld saws,
Wi' his terrible looks, an' mair terrible taws :
In the ancient kirkyard now the rank grasses
wave
Ower the heidstane that marks out his mould-
ering grave ;

While anither, mair kindly, mair genial, an' sprucee,
Hauds a firm lovin' sway in the auld schulehoose.

What mem'ries will rise—there was sweet Katie Broun,
The flower o' the schule, an' the belle o' the toun,
Wha's face was like sunshine, bright, radiant, an' fair,
Wha's smile was delight, an' wha's frown was despair.
Now the mither o' sax, stout, sober, an' douee,
No the Katie ava o' the auld schulehoose.

The swallow flees hamewards on sair wearied wing
To the haunts that it lo'es in the back end o' spring ;
The wand'rer comes hame frae strange lands ower the main,
To gaze on the scenes o' his childhood again ;
When to cauld warldly cares my thochts bid a truee,
Oft hameward they flee to the auld schulehoose.

An' so will the thochts o' each true hearted Scot,
Wherever his hame be, an where is it not ?
Ever leading the van in the warld's eager fight,
In peace or in war with the power and the might
That valour and knowledge alone can produce—
Oh, the glory o' Scotland's her auld schulehoose.

But we ne'er should forget as we toil up life's brae,
We've a lesson to learn every mile o' the way,
That frae youth to auld age we should struggle
an' strain,
That by good words an' deeds we may hope to
attain
A blest haven o' rest, after life's weary cruise,
And the hard lessons learn'd in the world's
schulchoose.

THE COVENANTER'S BURIAL.

FROM the east rose the sun in bright splendour
arrayed,
And flushed the green hills with a mantle of glory,
While rosy young summer her riches displayed
On meadow, and moorland, and battlement
hoary ;
In heaven's deep azure the lapwing was wheeling,
'Neath the broom and the grey gorse the blue
stream was stealing
On the banks where the May-blooms their sweets
were revealing,
The hill-men were met round the grave of the dead.

There was grief in each eye, and dark wrath on
each brow,
As they gazed on the corse on the moss bed re-
clining ;

And each hand sought the claymore, and stern
 was the vow,
But no voice did they give to their bitter repining.
How black was their sorrow, how bright their
 surrounding ;
O'er the golden lit mountains the hill fox was
 bounding,
In the bowers of the angels the lark's song was
 sounding,
As they lowered the corse down to its cold narrow
 bed.

Lay the grey head to rest, lay the brand on the bier ;
Now nerveless the arm that oft waved it in battle ;
There is peace in the grave : never more will he
 hear
The ring of the steel, or the musket's loud rattle.
As on Bothwell's red day, amid shouting and
 wailing,
When Monmouth's proud legions in numbers
 assailing,
In the front rank of freedom, with strength un-
 availing,
He strove to stem backward their mighty array.

Nevermore will his voice in the still lonely glen,
With eloquence fervid inspire the faint hearted,
Or rouse from their slumbers the souls of brave
 men,
Or wail o'er their freedom and glory departed.

When the broad-sword was seen on the holy-page
 lying,
And the faithful were met home and kindred
 denying,
While on high rose their anthems the rude rocks
 replying—
And their scouts watched the foe from the moun-
 tain tops grey.

And fled is the joy from yon cot on the hill :
Its shepherd hath left it in sorrow's cold keeping :
Who will watch o'er the fold when the winters
 blow chill :
All lonely the widow and orphans are weeping.
O Scotland, will peace never more fill each
 dwelling
With her sweet songs of joy, every dark cloud
 dispelling.
When will God-given freedom, every blessing
 excelling,
Be shed like a dew over mountain and moor :

Speed, speed thy sad work, lay the green turf in
 haste,
The foe that slew him also seeks thy undoing :
Disperse to the mountain, the wild and the waste,
The blood-hounds will soon on thy track be pur-
 suing.

Hark ! the bridle-reins ring, the swift steeds are
prancing,
On helmet and sabre the sunbeams are glancing,
They sullenly turn on the foeman advancing,
And the grave of their comrade is red with their
gore.

JESSIE.

TWA great e'en as dark as night,
Earnest, truthfu', wondrous bright,
Whiles sad, whiles flashing wi delight,
Has Jessie :

Twa wee lips, like cherries fair,
Pure, an' fresh, an' rich, an' rare :
An' oh, sae sweet beyond compare,
Has Jessie :

Twa bonnie cheeks o' radiant glow,
Fairer than the rosebuds blow,
Nestling on twin beds o' snow,
Has Jessie :

Sunny locks o' auburn hue,
Dimpled chin, an' fair broad broo,
Voice saft as ony turtle's coo,
Has Jessie :

Mirthfu', loving, shy, yet bauld,
A rompin', toddlin', twa year auld :
The youngest lamb o' a bonnie fauld,
Is Jessie :

A sunbeam in a shady place,
A falling star that lights dark space,
A blessing sent our hearth to grace,
Is Jessie :

HAME REFORM.

A TRUE TALE.

WHAUR drouthy Newhaven stands doun by the sea,
Dwalt a douce honest couple, as cantie's could be,
Wi' little to fash them—their wants were but few,—
And the sea was the farm whence their harvest they drew.
But—and pity it is that a but there should be,
Tho' ther'll aye be a but, till perfection we see,—
Tam liket his dram, an' whiles cam to shame,
Then Jean lost her temper, and sat sad at hame.
No that Tam car'd for drink—at least so he said !
A profession, I dootna, that's ower often made,
But on politics keen, and fond o' oration,
He eloquent grew ower the wants o' the nation.

When he spak o' Reform, how his cronies wad
grin

At the wit that cam' oot, and the drink that gaed
in,

It had lang been Tam's thocht, an' his honest con-
clusion,

That our hale ruling power was a sham an' delu-
sion.

A doctrine he held to as lang's he was able,
Till the mutchkin was toom, or he row'd 'neath
the table ;

Even then wi' Reform his daiz'd brain was
haunted,

For o' taxes an' Fransheise he mutter'd an'
grunted.

Jean thocht lang an' sadly to find some bit plan
To bring to his senses her douce honest man ;
In his zeal for reforming the state o' the country
Tam often negleikit the state o' the pantry,
An' Jean in her innocenee, gude simple dame,
Wad insist that reform should begin first at
hame.

Ae day when the sky showed the fleeces o' June,
Wi' her creel on her back, Jean strode grim thro'
the toun,

On the stairheads the gossips were crackin' sae
friskey,

A' the air was redolent o' fish-guts an' whiskey,
She gaed to the Public whaur Tam had got fou',
Reform had been there—for he lay like a soot,

Wi' mony a sad grane, an' mony a strong wheel,
Her liege lord she doubled up snug in her creel.
"Ye crack o' your suffrage, wha suffers like me?"
Sigh'd Jean, as she stood wi' a tear in her e'e,
"An' your Redistribution—the siller kens that
Thou hast spent mair this day than wad fill the
kail pat,
An' o' Rating," she cried, as her rage up did flame,
"Ye'll get Rating eneuch when I get ye at hame."

Then her creel she set carefu' upon her braid back,
An' awa thro' the toun her hame-rout did tak',
The wives laugh'd wi' gladness, the bairns cried
hooray,
The tipplers took side-looks, then slunk oot the
way.
Jean march'd brave along, tho' she carried nae
feather,
Tam's head swung at ae side, his heels at the
ither.
As pechin' an' sweatin', she gaed on her road,
Thus Jean wad address her insensible load,
"Loads I've carried ere noo, till my banes they
wad crack,
But the teuchest o' a', draigles noo at my back;
An' queer fish I've seen, when the net we did
draw,
Noo my ereel hauds a queerer than een ever saw.
But queer fish or no, I will swear it's nae lee,
A dryer ane never cam' oot o' the sea."

Jean, sair, sad, and weary, had noo reach'd the pier,
She set doun her creel, an' she look'd at her dear ;
" Guidman, ye aye said, an' I think ye said true,
The people deserve so, the Fransheise is due ;
If it's richt that deservers should aye get their *due*,
I canna be wraug in beginning wi' you."

She coupit her creel, an' withoutt muckle clatter,
Save a cannie bit plump, Tam went into the water,
Hale sober'd, half chokit, he rose frae his bath,
His face like a cloot, wi' vexation an' wrath ;
Jean took to her heels, an' hameward she ran,
While wetter an' wiser cam' hame her guidman.
Tam drew in his horns, an' noo thinks wi' his dame,
That reforms o' a' kind should begin first at hame.

NIDPATH CASTLE.

LIKE a warrior, whose fields are o'er,
Whose battles have been fought and won,
Stands Nidpath on the Tweed's fair shore
Bathed in the summer sun.

A warrior old and feeble now,
Whose many scars his valour prove,
But on whose stern and rugged brow
Lingers a smile of love.

O bright the scene that owns his sway,
And beautcous as a poet's dream,

Hill, vale, and meadow fair as May,
And many a silv'ry stream.

The dark pines crown the mountain's crest,
The flowering hawthorn climbs the steeps,
And o'er the river's clear broad breast,
The pale sad willow weeps.

The gentle Tweed seeks his retreat,
All swath'd in bands of shining gold,
And pours her treasures at his feet,
Like devotee of old.

The fairest of fair Scotia's streams,
Who, softly murmuring through her bowers,
Oft hush'd the mighty minstrel's dreams,
And sooth'd his dying hours.

Thy halls are silent, Nidpath, now,
And cold the hearth where met the fair,
Where song was heard and lover's vow,
The moping owl hoots there.

Awake ye genii from your trance,
And bring the past again to view,
Bring back the days of old romance,
With all their splendid hue.

Bring back the love, the light, the life,
The stately dance, the minstrel's strain,
The hour of feast, the hour of strife,
To Nidpath's walls again.

When knight and dame, with hound and horn,
With prancing steed and joyous cheer,
Rode through the curling mists of morn,
To rouse the bounding deer.

When stalwart warriors trooping came,
Obedient to the stern command,
Led on by border chiefs of fame,
To foray south'ron land.

Methinks I hear the blood-hound's yell,
Tracking the trooper to his lair,
And see the fairies in the dell,
Hold feast and revel there.

'Tis fancy all, the light of yore
Shall never rise o'er Tweed again,
The day of chivalry is o'er,
With all its brilliant train.

With much to love, and much to hate,
We sigh its glories to recall,
Though well we deem our present state
Is better for us all.

Long on thy banks, O pleasant Tweed,
May love, and peace, and plenty dwell,
And hearts and hands in time of need,
Be found to guard thee well.

EDINBURGH.

ON thy battlements, Dunedin, when the sun was
sinking low,
On a summer's eve I watched with joy his bright
expiring glow ;
My heart was filled with rapture, and my eye
flashed with delight,
For mortal man had ne'er beheld a scene more
fair and bright.
The fair and fertile Lothians lay robed in sum-
mer's pride,
Bright gemm'd with hamlet, town, and tower,
and cornfields waving wide ;
And sunny slopes, and flowery meads, where
bleating herds repose,
And rippling brooks 'mong shady dells where
sweet the hawthorn blows.
While stretching onward wild and vast, far as the
eye can view,
The mountain tops rise peak o'er peak till lost in
ether blue.
Low at my feet the queenly Forth her broad
bright waters roll'd,
The sun hath kissed her silver waves and turned
them into gold ;
While winding shore and sparkling bay, and isles
so fair and green,
Flushed with the glory of his light, shone like a
fairy scene.

High towering from her rocky throne in beauty
and in might
The grand old city of my birth rose full upon my
sight ;
Her massy piles how dark and grim, huge, dense,
and deep they lie,
In many a strange fantastic shape ascending
cleaves the sky.
Her palaces how beautiful, where worth and
beauty meet ;
Her noble halls, how goodly too, grave learning's
choice retreat !
While stately temple, sculptured fane, to sacred
art a prize,
Arch, dome, and spire, and monument in rare
profusion rise.
The memories of a thousand years encircle them
around,
And the weird and nameless glamour that haunts
historic ground.
Here sages, kings, and warriors, the mighty of
their day,
In counsel sat to shield the realm and keep the
foe at bay ;
Here patriot strove with fiery zeal to guard the
public good,
And martyr battled for the truth and sealed it
with his blood.
And here romance and poesy still find a regal
throne,

A legend dwells in every house, a tale in every stone ;
The glory of her ancient days hath long since passed away,
Her queenly powers and privileges have crumbled to decay,
But still in arts, as once in arms, she stands without a peer,
While genius, learning, liberty, still find a shelter here.

And as I gazed in joy and pride, I saw as in a dream,
The tide of centuries roll'd back and from the troubled stream
With battled files, and martial tramp, and pennons flaunting gay,
In all the pomp of chivalry and all war's proud array,
O'er the green slopes of Boroughmuir, King James's army came
With many a stalwart man-at-arms, and many a knight of fame ;
Their gleaming mail and glittering spears, their looks so proud and high,
They seem'd the salt of all the land, men that would do or die ;
'Mid the clang of martial music, and the bugle's shriller ring,
A snow-white plume upon his helm, rode forward Scotland's king.

Young, handsome, brave, and chivalrous, with
bearing firm and free,
I trow he was a gallant sight as man might wish
to see,
And as he rode from rank to rank, and scann'd
his army o'er,
He look'd a king for men to "love, for women to
adore."

As break the mists when from his couch the sun
leaps up the sky,
The phantom host that fancy wove dissolves be-
fore mine eye ;
But who is he who rides in haste, who spurs in
furious mood,
His charger's flanks all dabbled o'er with sweat
and foam and blood ?
A broken banner in his hand free to the breezes
toss'd,
A messenger of woe, he comes to tell red Flod-
den's lost.
To hut and hall, to town and tower, he spurs
with might and main,
To hut and hall, to town and tower, he brings
but grief and pain.
Weep high-born dames and lowly, weep lovelorn
damsels, weep
For husband, lover, kinsman dear, who lie in
death's cold sleep ;

While fathers old and mothers grey with grief
are stricken dumb,
And little children watch and wait for sires that
never come.
Unshorn the flock will crop the hill, unreaped
the corn will stand,
Nor fields re-echo back the hum of the busy
harvest band.
The bandster's laugh is still'd for aye, and
hush'd the reaper's strain,
And maidens for the harvest feast will sigh, but
sigh in vain ;
Unawed the stag will proudly prance among the
forest shades,
The sportive fawn will play unharmed within
the greenwood glades,
The fox will leave his secret lair and seek the
face of day,
And none will sound the hunter's horn to turn
him from his prey ;
While the once proud homes of Scotland but
tears and grief will yield,
For the best and bravest of her sons lie stark on
Flodden field.

Hark to that long loud joyous shout that seems
to rend the skies,
Still louder yet, and louder still, the clamouring
voices rise ;

What means that eager motley crowd that surges
like a sea,
When mounts the storm-king on his throne and
hurricanes blow free ?
Why comes the noble from his hall, with knight
and squire and groom ?
Why comes the abbot from his cell, the weaver
from his loom ?
Why comes the ploughman from his plough, why
leaves the smith his fire ?
Why struts the portly citizen in holiday attire ?
Why comes the fairest of the land with bright
and speaking glance
To welcome Mary, Scotland's queen, home from
the joys of France ?
And she, the young and beautiful, rides with a
gallant train,
The proudest of fair Scotland's peers, the best
blood of Lorraine.
A lovelier maiden never rode beneath the sum-
mer's sun,
She sweetly bows, all clamour's hush'd, she smiles,
all hearts are won.
Her cheek is like the opening rose, fresh dash'd
with morning dew,
Her eye is Heaven's own radiant star, soft spark-
ling in the blue ;
Her brow is snow, her clust'ring locks are sun-
beams falling free,
Her every motion, every look, blends grace and
majesty ;

And young and old and grave and gay the
witching glamour own,
For sweeter maid ne'er turned a head nor sat
upon a throne.
The princely halls of Holyrood resound with
mirth and glee,
The lights are lit, the feast is spread, the wine-
cup circles free,
The lute's soft strain, the courtier's jest, the
laugh and song go round,
All hearts are light, all eyes shine bright, and
gladness doth abound,
For royal Mary here to-night holds revel with
her train ;
And courtly Rizzio is there, ambitious, proud,
and vain.
As 'neath the sun's bright genial rays all nature's
face looks gay,
So 'neath young Mary's cheering glance her guests
throw care away ;
They toast their queen, the cup is raised, the
guests seem turned to stone,
'Tis Darnley comes to mar the feast, but cometh
not alone,
Grim ghastly Ruthven, clad in mail, a dagger in
his hand,
Leads on, like bloodhounds to their prey, a tried
and trusty band.
Like stag caught in the hunter's toils see Rizzio
hath sprung

Into the presence of the queen, and to her robes
hath clung ;
She begs, she threatens, and commands,—her
prayers her tears are vain,
An hundred daggers drink his blood ; the hapless
wretch is slain.

Insulted majesty is roused, she turns in fearful ire,
And proudly towers her regal form, her dark
eyes flash like fire :

“ Base traitors, all ye yet shall rue the guiltless
blood now spilt ;

See feeble Darnley idly stands and toys his
jewell’d hilt ;

You triumph now, revenge is mine, beware for
it is near,”

And crafty Morton smiles in vain, he cannot
hide his fear ;

Ay, Darnley yet shall feel the blow, unshrived of
guilt and sin,

The fool that trifled with a heart men would
have died to win.

On Pentland’s slopes the cold grey mist obscures
the sun’s bright rays,

From Pentland moors in solemn strains ascends
the voice of praise,

The stern-brow’d covenanter kneels upon the
dewy sod,

And pours his troubled soul in prayer out to his
father’s God.

Watch well, ward well, ye steadfast men, the foe
is at thy gate,
The fierce Dalzell is on thy track, watch well,
alas ! too late.
The sabre gleams, the red blood streams, the
godly thick and fast
Are falling like the autumn leaves before the
autumn blast.
Saith ancient Writ, “the martyr’s blood the
churches seed will be,”
From blood shed by the Covenant hath sprung
a goodly tree ;
Let sceptics sneer, the witlings will, and scoffers
scoff they may,
But Scotland owes a debt to them she never can
repay,
The true of heart, the strong of hand, who
scorning tyranny
Dared all the powers of kingly wrath and battled
to be free.

The sun hath sunk and twilight grey hath
merged in sable night,
Behold Dunedin ’mid the gloom assume her
robes of light ;
The watcher sees one little star lone twinkling in
the sky,
Then spread before his wondering gaze the glow-
ing clusters lie.

Till o'er the broad and shining arch that spans
from pole to pole,
Ten thousand sparkling meteors burn and count-
less planets roll.
So from her dark and rugged mass at first faint
gleams appear,
Then spreading waves of brilliant flame surge
on in swift career,
Lights gleam above, lights shine below, and
sparkle on each height,
Till terrace, crescent, street and square, are
dazzling lines of light.
Her giant piles that tower on high with storm
and tempest riven,
Now jewell'd o'er with shining lamps e'en dim
the stars of heaven.
So passing strange so wondrous fair it seemeth
more to be
A transient glimpse of Elfinland than stern
reality.

THE BONNIE THORN TREE.

WHEN the sweet breath o' May brings the bloom
to the flower,
An' the zephyrs sigh saftly in green woodland
bower,
When the lark's in the sky, an' the lamb's on the
brae,
An' nature is robed in her richest array,

Can the fairest o' a' in the forest an' lea
 Match the saft sillar blooms o' the bonnie Thorn
 Tree ?

When young morn awakes frae her dreams o'
 the night,
 Wi' the flush on her broo, an' her eye beaming
 bright,
 Sae rich is its verdure, sae sweet its perfume,
 Sae lustrous an' pure is its saft sillar bloom,
 She wi' pearls o' dew scatter'd lavish an' free,
 Sheds freshness an' grace ower the bonnie Thorn
 Tree.

An' the sun as he sinks 'mid the glare o' the
 west,
 Like an auld hero-monarch wi' glory oppress'd,
 When the landscape is bathed in a rich mellow
 flood,
 An' the green turns to gold in the depth o' the
 wood,
 His beams linger fondly no caring to flee
 Frae the saft sillar blooms o' the bonnie Thorn
 Tree.

'Neath the bonnie Thorn Tree in the days o'
 langsyne
 The wee fairy folk drank their nectar divine,
 An' held their gay sports 'neath the star-jewell'd
 sky
 Wi' revel and dance till the morning drew nigh.

Now they've faded awa' like a mist frae the lea,
An' come back nae mair to the bonnie Thorn
Tree.

Yet poets may still in the calm o' the night,
When the moon fills her horn, an' the stars
twinkle bright,
Hear the clash o' the cymbal an' elfin horns
sound,
And see the wee fays at their merry-go-round ;
While queen Mab wi' her courtiers sae gallant
and free
Holds a right royal court 'neath the bonnie Thorn
Tree.

Ay the fairies are fled, and sae are the days
When we gathered the haws frae the green leafy
sprays,
Like a river, life flowed wi' a blythe sunny gleam,
Then we lay on our oars an' went wi' the stream ;
Even care lost his cauld looks, an' smiling wi'
glee,
Watch'd youth at his sports 'neath the bonnie
Thorn Tree.

Life is sunshine an' shadow, and joy mixed wi' care,
What winter storms ravage, bright summers re-
pair,
Cauld grief is its winter, how keen is its dart !
An' joy the bright summer that cheereth the heart ;

Come summer, come winter, may our autumn
still be
Like the sweet blooming spring o' the bonnie
Thorn Tree.

THE MOSSTROOPER'S DEATH.

IN cloudless blue the summer moon,
Hung o'er the weirdly Eildons three,
And silvered with the blaze of noon,
Dark rushing stream and emerald lea.
Without a shadow on her breast,
Fair Tweed roll'd on her shining floods,
Without a breeze to mar their rest,
In pensive silence slept the woods.

A glorious scene, a fitting hour,
To hear, to tell love's tender tale,
When nature lends her magic power,
How seldom true love's pleadings fail !
On such a night, by fair Tweedside,
Young Adam Scott, the brave and free,
Clasp'd to his heart a blushing bride,
The fairest flower on Eildon lea.

“ See love,” he cried, “ yon radiant moon,
That cleaves with silver rim the skies,
Shall light my gallant steed right soon
To pastures green where Teviot lies ;

And bleating flocks and lowing herds
Shall quietly browse on Eildon lea,
Ere morning wakes with songs of birds,
Dear May, they'll be a dower for thee."

" O Adam, tarry by my side,
This fearful raiding bodes no good,
My heart cries out thy moonlight ride
Will end in tears, will end in blood.
And what are flocks and herds to me
Or all this world could give or take,
If death should sever me from thee ?
O Adam, tarry for my sake."

A merry laugh laughed Adam Scott,
" Thou'l make a sorry reiver's bride,
No 'feast of spurs' shall be my lot,
The stern command to mount and ride.
But I have plighted word and troth
To rouse the herds on Teviot fell,
To say thee nay, sweet May, I'm loth,
But faith must hold, so fare thee well."

" Should deadly chance or foward fate
Arouse grim Maxwell and his band,
This bugle sound—be not too late,
For thee my kin will draw the brand."
He took from her the bugle bright,
And kiss'd away the trembling tear,
" If hard against me goes the fight
I'll rouse the echoes, never fear."

A score of plumes are dancing light
O'er burnished helm and gleaming mail,
A score of spears are glancing bright
Beneath the stars and moonlight pale ;
A score of steeds of noble mould
All proudly prance on Tweed's fair strand,
Back'd by a score of yeomen bold :
Young Adam Scott leads on the band.

Their bridles ring, they blythely sing,
Some border song of chivalry ;
Their proud steeds neigh, they speed away
O'er hill and vale, past tower and tree ;
Past warlock glen and fairy haunt,
They rode, then forded Tweed's clear bed,
They heard the monks of Melrose chant
The midnight mass for the noble dead.

By lonely moor and wild morass
Is heard the startled moorfowl's cry,
By tangled copse and rugged pass
The frighten'd fox goes skulking by ;
And merrily onward still they ride ;
Now Teviot murmurs in their ear,
They rouse the herds on Teviot side,
The lights of Kelso glimmer near.

Now Adam Scott speed on thy prey,
Stern Maxwell hastens with his men,
Drive hard, drive fast, make no delay,
Or blood will flow in Teviot glen.

The Kers are up, rude Jardine rides,
The bugle rouses glen and scaur,
From mossbags, where wild Elliot hides,
Comes far and faint the rush of war.

Near and more near the blood hounds bay
Comes, deep mouthed, down the winding vale,
The clank of arms, the charger's neigh,
Is borne upon the morning gale.

Turn Adam Seott, thy foe is near,
The Maxwell and his mongrel band ;
As hound turns on the stricken deer,
He met the foeman brand to brand.

He spurr'd to right, he spurr'd to left,
His slogan rose high o'er the din,
The Maxwell's iron helm he cleft,
Then clove the Jardine to the chin.
He spurr'd to left, he spurr'd to right,
Where thiekest came the pressing foe,
Where hottest raged the unequal fight
His biting blade brought death and woe.

And as the conflict wilder grew
Amid that crash of hate and scorn,
The maddened herds in terror flew
Wild bellowing in the grey of morn.
Sound, Adam Scott, thy bugle sound,
For slowly falls thy dreaded brand,
Thy blood flows fast from many a wound,
And few and feeble now thy band.

And loud he made the echoes ring,
And bravely battled with his fate,
That mighty blast stout help may bring,
Alas ! the help will come too late.
A low mound lies by Teviot side,
A maiden weepeth on the plain,
The boldest heart on the borders wide
Will never ride a raid again.

NEWHAVEN JEAN.

Do ye ken o' a dame they ca' Newhaven Jean,
Grand Jean, wi' the honest, the lauchin blue e'e?
A tall lass and stalwart, aye sonsy and clean,
Glib o' tongue, kindly hearted, an' frank as she's
free.

With her yellow locks smoothed 'neath a mutch
white as snaw,
Her cheeks freckled ower wi' the rose an' the
storm,
Wi' a footstep as licht as the breezes that blaw,
Fresh and comely in feature, and handsome in
form.

There she stands like a tower, by the side o' her
creel,
Dress'd in gay tidy garments, white, yellow, an'
blue ;

Are they queer-like an' quaint, faith they look
unco weel,
Match that foot an' that ankle that steal on the
view.

Jean likes a bit crack, though she's nae clishma-
claver,
There's a spice in her wut that makes licht o'
oor cares,
Sae keen, strong, and crisp, wi' a saut water
flavour,
An' caller, I ween, as her ain shining wares.

Jean's like mony, she asks what she kens she'll
no get :
“ Ony haddies the day, mem, see there's a fine lot,
As caller's yersel', faith, they're still loupin yet.
What ! ye'll no gie a shilling, then gie me a
groat.”

When the crescent moon glints thro' the croon o'
St Giles,
An' 'mid gloamin's grey tresses lights twinkle on
high,
As if under the spell o' enchantment's dark wiles
The towers o' Dunedin seem hung in the sky.

An' silence steals oot on his still lanely rounds,
Where the big voice of traffic reign'd roaming at
large,

Her brave “Caller on” thro’ the clear welkin
sonnds
Like the blast o’ a war-bugle sounding the charge.

Then the great cloud that shadow’d her life’s
summer sky
On mem’ry’s broad pinions sweeps back thro’ the
past ;
The quiet gloamin’ hours bring her mony a sigh,
An’ renews the heart-grief that will cling to the
last.

Oh, that wild fearfu’ nicht, filled wi’ terror an’
wreck,
When Forth in his wrath whelm’d the puir
fisher fleet,
When she saw her brave breadwinner swept frae
the deck,
While death an’ the waves flung his corse at her
feet.

Sair hearts an’ hard wark dinna gang weel the-
gither ;
But she quell’d her wild grief, dry’d the tears in
her e’en,
An’ toil’d for her weans thro’ the wildest o’ wea-
ther ;
Rough labour’s ennobled by Newhaven Jean.

JOHN OF PRIESTHILL.

NIGHT had swept up the folds of her star-jewell'd
train,
But her shadow still linger'd on mountain and
plain ;
In the grey purpling east the lark had scarce
sung,
And the wing of the plover still cover'd her
young.

And the mosses of Priesthill in deep silence lay
As the great misty billows swept over the brae,
While the light fleecy vapours that sail'd thro' the
glooms
Seem'd the souls of the martyrs still haunting
their tombs.

But the stillness that lay on that wild waste of
heath
Was the hush ere the tempest sends ruin and
death ;
It breaks like a wave on the lone sounding shore
That trampling of steeds o'er the grey misty
moor.

Like the levin that leaps from the thunder-
charged cloud,
Out rode swarthy Claverhouse, stately and proud,

Spurr'd, booted and belted, and jewell'd was he ;
He look'd like a lord of the highest degree.

And out rode his troopers in gallant array,
In their midst John of Priesthill in plain hodden
grey ;
Though his arms they were pinion'd, yet boldly
he trod,
He look'd like a man that was fit to face God.

On the face of the hill where his lone cottage
stood,
They halted impatient and thirsting for blood ;
His wife with his babe and the children stood
there,
And her fair brow was clouded, but not with
despair.

For the hope of the Christian upheld her in
sorrow
That the parting to-day brought the meeting to-
morrow :
“ The hour we must sever has come, Isabel,”
He said, as he bless'd them, and bade them
farewell !

“ The hour that I spoke of when first we did
meet,
Ere the dark shadows fell on our peaceful retreat,
For terror and death now the godly must brave,
And peace only dwells in the cold narrow grave.”

"Now kneel to your prayers," ruthless Claverhouse said,

"Your moments are numbered, your life span is sped;"

With the strength of a man, and the trust of a child,

He knelt and he pray'd on that desolate wild.

And the troopers who never felt pity nor fear,
From their stern rugged faces wiped many a tear,
But bootless their pity, the death shot is sped,
And a pale widow weeps o'er the pale bleeding dead.

With a sneer on his lips, off the murderer rode,
And left that wreck'd household to loneliness and God,

While the deep wailing lapwing and startled curlew,

Sung the dirge of the dead as in terror they flew.

Aye, the blood of the godly left many a stain,
On the wild moors of Scotland, it fell not in vain;
For the bulwark of freedom, enriched with that blood,

Rose in strength, and the slave and the tyrant withstood.



THE MAUT BELOW THE MEAL.

COME, deck thy face again wi' smiles,
 Drive cauld care frae thy bonnie broo',
 Licht up thy e'en wi' winning wiles
 Sae joyous, tender, sweet, and true.
 An' be the same leal loving wife
 That aye to me ye've been sae weel ;
 When idle words breed angry strife,
 Ye ken the mant's aboon the meal.

Oh, cheerfu' looks oor ain fireside,
 Sae winsome, cosy, trig, and clean :
 A hamely paradise, oor pride,
 Where joy should reign frae morn till e'en.
 The wee dark clouds o' grief and care
 That ower us hung thro' woe an' weal,
 Are a' dispell'd, an' never mair
 Will e'er the mant win ower the meal.

I've loo'd wi' cronies blythe an' true
 To send around the glass an' sang,
 When hours like minutes joyous flew
 Like streams their simmer banks alang.
 But mair I lo'e the bliss o' hame,
 The bonnie bairns that roond me spel,
 Thy lauchin' e'e, my winsome dame,
 Will keep the maut below the meal.

Peace was restor'd, the storm was laid,
An' blythesome grew this wife o' mine,
An' what she did an' what she said
To me was mair than gowd or wine.
O cauld is mony an ingle side,
An' want an' wae do mony feel,
That ne'er wad be if love or pride
Wad keep the maut below the meal.

OLD FATHER TIME.

OLD FATHER TIME with his scythe and glass
Patiently watcheth, all silent and lone,
The fleet wing'd years as they merrily pass,
A reaper, he reapeth them one by one.
Be they laden with pleasure or laden with pain,
Once bound in his sheaf they come not again.

His brow is deep-furrow'd, his locks they are grey,
But keen-ey'd, and wary, and sleepless is he,
Though ages unnumber'd have now passed away
Since he woke from the womb of eternity.
When this mighty globe at divine command
Sprung fresh from the great Creator's hand.

A sad silent king on a lonely throne,
Strange, wondrous, the scenes that hath met
his sight,
Proud races, great empires, have come and gone
As the long cloud of ages wing'd their flight.

He hath seen since his weary reign begun,
A fair Eden lost, and a Saviour won.

Old Father Time keepeth watch over all,
Kings, princes, and peoples of every degree,
Each cometh under his strong iron thrall,
Freeman and bondman must all bend the knee.
Stern courier of Death the younger born
Whom he serves with a calm and silent scorn.

Though bright-ey'd youth with his gay rosy
dreams,
And strong-limb'd manhood may laugh him to
scorn,
Startled they soon flee from pleasure's gay
streams,
And the joys illusive of life's sunny morn.
When the crowfeet come, and the first grey hair,
Tells old Father Time hath them under his care.

Be joyous but wise as the years roll away,
For the silent old man is waiting for thee,
When the shadows fall long at the close of life's
day
Let the balance be found as the balance
should be.
Then thou'l part without fear from old Father
Time,
And awaken to joys eternal, sublime.

HELEN OF LORNE.

HASTE Helen of Lorne to thy father's grey hall,
The bat's on the wing, and the eagle's at rest ;
Doth the shadows of night not thy young heart
appal ?

Nor the ire of a father wake fear in thy breast ?
See already the new moon hath lifted her horn,
And placidly shines o'er the high peaks of Lorne.

The path must be pleasant, the love tale well told,
That keeps thee so late in the valley below,
Thy wooer, if loving, must also be bold,

Young Ronald the son of thy father's fierce foe,
So old gossips tell, as they sit 'neath the thorn,
Presaging black woe to the old house of Lorne.

The feast waits thy coming, the viands grow cold,
The guests with impatience oft look to the door,
High chieftains assembled thy birth-night to hold,
Stern sons of the mountain, the glen, and the
moor ;

Who brook each delay with but half-concealed
scorn,
O speed to thy dwelling, fair Helen of Lorne.

Thy father sits silent, a cloud on his brow,
Thy mother laughs lightly to cover her fear,
All clustered together thy maids whisper low,
And the lips of thy vassals are wreathed with
a sneer.

While mutter and murmur come sullenly borne
To gall the proud heart of Macdougall of Lorne.

Why starts the stern chieftain with looks of
dismay,

While kinsmen and clansmen turn pale with
affright ?

Tush, shall hearts that ne'er quailed in the fierce
battle fray

Quake with fear at the croak of the raven by
night ?

Shall the wail of the kelpie from mountain-loch
borne

Make pale every cheek in the proud halls of
Lorne ?

Hush, again comes that sound, how it pierces the
night !

The kelpie's lone cry from the tarn on the hill,
And the raven's deep croak from the battlement's
height

Hath no echo like this so heartrending and
shrill,

'Tis the wild wail of woman by deep anguish torn,
That stirs every nerve in the great hall of Lorne.

The heart of the chieftain is stricken with grief
As he listens in dread to the wailings so wild,

The father prevails o'er the pride of the chief,
And all is forgot, all, save love for his child ;

And his ire melts away like the mists of the morn,
When the sun pours his rays on the green braes of Lorne.

Arouse every clansman with hound, torch, and brand,
Search mountain and valley, scour forest and plain,

What favour he asks, though the least of my band,
He shall have who restores me my Helen again ;
But woe to the coward that e'er he was born,
Who has dared to insult thus a daughter of Lorne.

They search through the valley, no Helen is near,
Through chasm and corrie their searching is vain,

They call her by name, but no answer they hear,
No name, save the echo that mocketh their pain ;

Though an hundred bright torches by brave
clansmen borne,
Turneth night into day on the green braes of
Lorne.

In the darkest of covers in fear skulks the fox,
The ptarmigan starts from her nest on the brae,
The earne leaves her brood on the ledge of the rocks,
And screaming in terror sails swiftly away,

While the fleet-footed stag from his light slumbers
torn,
Scampers wild with affright up the steep hills of
Lorne.

At midnight Macdougall returns to his hall,
How silent and cold doth the chambers appear,
A hundred stout clansmen respond to his call,
But the voice of the lov'd one his ear cannot
hear ;
The feast still untasted while watching for morn,
Stands vassal and lord in the proud halls of Lorne.

In wonder they gaze as the door opens wide,
While entered young Ronald so stately and
brave,
And fair Lady Helen walks on by his side
Wan and weary as one who has 'scaped from
the grave,
Her cheek that had glowed like the rose on the
thorn
Was pale as the snow on the tall cliffs of Lorne.

The stern-brow'd Macdougall was startled in truth,
While love strove with hate in his heart and
his eye,
With a kiss for the maid and drawn steel for the
youth,
“ Speak, Ronald of Ross, now speak truly or
die;

Or I swear by my fathers, ere dawning of morn,
We'll have one foeman less for the old house of
Lorne."

A hundred bright blades from their scabbards
leap high,

While dark scowling faces draw near and more
near,

A word from the chieftain, a glance of his eye,
And, Ronald, thy mother might weep o'er thy
bier;

Be steadfast, be firm, but curb thy proud scorn,
Speak smooth to the haughty old chieftain of
Lorne.

"While hunting the red deer by mountain and
moor,

Tired and weary I sank by a lone fountain's
brim,

There a maiden I saw, as did Isaac of yore,
And she gave me to drink as Rebekah gave
him,

To see was to love, for the bloom on the thorn
Was not half so pure as fair Helen of Lorne.

"This night as I stood on the verge of the glen,
By the moon's silver rays from the valley below,
Thy daughter I saw borne away by rude men,
Their chief was Red Donald, thy sworn and
fierce foe;

He who harried thy lands, stole thy cattle and
corn,
Also stole from thy bosom fair Helen of Lorne.

“Like a sleuth-hound I tracked him afar to his
cave
In the wild pathless waste only trod by the
deer,
Watched, waited, and fought Lady Helen to save ;
Red Donald lies dead, and your daughter is
here.
My story is told, I stand weary and worn,
This is no Highland welcome, Macdougall of Lorne.”

A tear filled the eye, where a tear seldom stood.
For the haughty old chieftain was touched to
the core,
On their claymores each swore to forget their old
feud,
And in friendship and peace to live evermore ;
And the bridal bells rung out one bright sum-
mer’s morn,
For young Ronald of Ross and fair Helen of Lorne.



THE KIRKYARD, AT HAME.

WILD andланely's the spot 'neath a heather-clad
hill,

Where a wee brattlin' burnie rins wimplin'
alang,

The deep voice o' nature is hush'd, calm, an' still,
Save the sough o' the breeze the pale willows
amang.

Green an' lowly its wa's where the saft mosses
creep,

An' the dark ivy twines ower the ancestral
name,

That marks oot the spot where the lost an' loved
sleep,

As they lie side by side in the kirkyard at hame.

Ower the dial-stane rude, weather-beaten, and
grey,—

Auld Time's silent sentinel trusty an' true,—

Have fled mony simmers an' winters away,
But mem'ry still fresh brings the scene to my
view.

The lowly green mounds and the flowers wildly
springing

Ower the rude sculptur'd tablets, the records
of fame,

While fancy can listen the birds sweetly singing
Requiems for the blest in the kirkyard at hame.

At the lone gloamin' hour how oft in my wan-d'rings,

At the low stile I've loitered, so peacefu' an' calm

Was the spirit that fell ower my dreams and my pond'rings,

Like oil on fierce waters a sweet soothing balm

While heart-cherished words an' mony a token

O' love and devotion remembrance could claim,

Frae the dim happy past ere the circle was broken,

O' faces now hid in the kirkyard at hame.

When the dew draped wi' pearls the purple-bell'd heather,

The shy timid maukin would steal frae its lair,
An' the ewe wi' her lambkin would lie doun the-gither,

While sported around them the swift-bounding hare.

An' the merle's deep sang as the grey shadows hung,

Floated clear thro' the still air—how sweet was the theme !

While the burn stay'd its murmurs and low dirges sung,

As it swept calm and deep past the kirkyard at hame.

Blow gently ye breezes, sing saft in your bowers,

Ye birds wildly warbling, or haste to some other,

Fall lighter ye dews, bloom brighter ye flowers,
And sweet fragrance shed o'er the grave of a
mother.
There's a charm in the name, a spell that can
ever
Awake love and reverence 'mid honour or
shame,
When life's work is finished and cross'd death's
dark river,
O ! to rest by her side in the kirkyard at hame.

THE FIRST PRAYER.

Rosy-CHEEK'D and dimple-chinn'd,
Wi' laughter in her e'e,
Jessie sits on mother's lap,
As blythe as wean can be.
Noo she faulds her chubbby hands
Wi' douce and reverend air,
Closes baith her lauchin' e'en,
An' lisps an infant's prayer.

Restless as a sillar trout,
Ere she's weel begun,
The pawkie e'en are seen to peep
Sae fu' o' joyous fun.
Slyly fa' the wee fat hands,
Ay ye weel may stare,

To see the little tricky rogue
 Thrang ruggin' Maggie's hair.

Noo she gallops up an' down,
 Till tired at last, she's fain
 To clasp her hands, an' close her e'en,
 An' say a bit again.
 Tho' she looks sae solemn noo,
 Her patience soon will fail,
 There's the cuttie at her wark
 Wi' pussie by the tail.

Tho' ye try wi' might and main
 To look baith hard an' stern,
 Ae blink o' that sweet lauchin' face
 Wad move a heart o' airn.
 There's glamour in her ringin' lauch,
 A spell that binds ye fast,
 Till scauldin' words an' looks severe
 Are turned to mirth at last.

Stern are they wad seek to curb
 The joy to infants given,
 The laughter o' their guileless hearts
 Is the melody o' heaven.
 Oh, blessin's on my sweet wee pet,
 My cheery twa year auld,
 My sweet wee rosie i' the bud,
 My ae lamb o' the fauld.

An' may thy journey on thro' life
 Be happy aye as noo,
May sorrow never reach thy heart
 Nor cloud thy bonnie broo.
An' may He ever be thy guide,
 An' keep thee 'neath His care,
Wha tempers to the lamb the blast,
 An' hears the infant's prayer.

THE BATTLE OF DRUMCLOG.

A LAY OF THE COVENANT.

DYING May had cast her treasures
 On the breast of virgin June,
On the moors the plover wildly
 Wail'd away the sultry noon.
Whirr'd the moorecock on the mountain,
 Sail'd the eagle o'er his lair,
Bleating sheep were on the pasture,
 On the brae the timid hare.

Lion-faced, and lion-hearted,
 On that peaceful Sabbath morn,
Twice five hundred men were kneeling
 Drumclog, on thy marshes lorn.
Drumclog ! on thy dreary marshes
 Knelt our stern devoted band,

Praying to the God of battles
 Peace to give our stricken land.

Age and youth together blended,
 Raven locks and snowy hair ;
 High resolve shone on our faces,
 Death to suffer and to dare,
 From the mountain and the morass
 From the grey and darkling wood,
 From the wastes stern, wild, and pathless,
 From the mist-encircled flood,
 Came the shepherd from his hidings,
 Came the peasant from his caves :
 In her wilds sublime and lonely,
 Nature never nurses slaves.

Long we suffered, unresisting,
 Cruelty, and wrong, and scorn,
 Manhood trampled, broken pledges,
 Rights as freemen rudely torn,
 Hunted from our homes and holdings
 Like a wild beast from his den,
 Long we watched, and prayed, and fasted
 On the mountain and the glen.
 Dwelt in holes and dreary caverns,
 Where the sunlight never fell,
 Battling with the fiends of darkness,
 And with human fiends as well.
 And our sin and crime was only
 We would have what men should have ;
 Free we would be in our worship,
 Who'd be less would be a slave.

Now by stern oppression driven
With the claymore in our grasp
We will win back peace and freedom,
Fighting to our latest gasp.
Strong may be our kingly tyrant,
Faithless as his sires of yore,
But a people's will and conscience,
Kings and crowns must bend before.

Down the broomy slopes of Calder,
Where the gorse lay thick with gold ;
Proudly prancing came the foemen,
Loud and deep the war-drums roll'd.
Nearer still they came and nearer,
Close and deep their files march on,
Flashed their weapons in the sunshine ;
Gay and bright their banners shone.
Plumes were streaming, sabres gleaming,
On they came in proud array,
Pennons dancing, scarlet glancing,
Eager for the battle fray.
Dark-brow'd Clavers on his charger,
Like a plague swept o'er the heath,
Leading on his glittering columns
To the carnival of death.
Keen his look, and high and scornful,
And his lip was wreath'd with smiles,
Little knew he of the mettle
Of our long dark silent files.
'Mong the ferns and cool green mosses
Low we knelt upon our knees,

Overhead our old blue banner
 Gently waving in the breeze,
 Calm and stern, and still as statues
 Not a murmur from us rose ;
 But we firmer grasp'd our weapons,
 Look'd the steadier on our foes.

Then to Him we raised our voices
 Who, in wondrous days of old,
 Safely led his chosen people
 On through dangers manifold.
 He who smote the might of Egypt
 On that night of storm and wrath.
 When He piled the angry billows
 O'er that strange and fearful path ;
 Who with fire and cloudy pillar
 Led them through the wilderness,
 He who led them through these dangers
 Safe will lead us out of this,
 With the thunder of our praises,
 Loud and clear each echo rings,
 We and nature render homage,
 Lord of lords, and King of kings.

Hark, the bugle sounds the onset,
 Like a thunder crash they come,
 Snorting fiercely bounds the war-steed,
 Shriek'd the fife, and pealed the drum.
 Cheer and shout, and waving sabres
 Urging on the desperate charge,

Pell-mell came that living deluge
To the darksome mosses marge,
Hast ever seen the dread siroc
 Calm at first with scarce a breath.
Bursting in its awful fury,
 Bringing ruin, wreck, and death.
So each man looked on his comrade,
 Calm and still as reft of life,
The weaker drinking from the stronger
 Spirit for the coming strife.
Swift we pour'd a scorching volley,
 As they came in mad career,
With a score of empty saddles,
 For a moment back they bear ;
Plunging, struggling through the mossland,
 Hard they strive to reach our men,
Man to man we met them coming,
 Steel with steel was flashing then.
Face to face, oppress'd, oppressor,
 Each look'd on a deadly foe,
And a score of years of anguish
 Wiped out with a single blow.
Stalwart lion-hearted Burley,
 With his arm and sword of might,
Bravely led the van of battle
 In that fierce and bloody fight.
Gallant Clelland, noble Hackstoun,
 Who so skill'd and brave as they ?
Fighting where the strife was hottest,
 Stemming back the stern array.

Struck each man for peace and freedom,
With stern strength and stubborn might,
Struck each for his household altars,
And for truth and manhood's right.
Struck too for a broken covenant,
And a kirk they dared to spurn,
Bravely as our sires heroic,
'Mid the crash of Baanockburn.
When our blood was madly dancing,
As we drove them through the fen,
If we struck a blow for vengeance,
Who will blame us, we were men.

Red with blood the hill of Calder,
But our swords were redder still,
As grim Clavers and his troopers,
Fled before our dauntless will.
He who weigh'd us all so lightly,
He who mocked us with a sneer,
Fled before our thirsting claymores
Like the panic-stricken deer.
Fling aloft the old blue banner,
Stream its broad folds to the sun,
Raise on high your grateful voices
For the battle fought and won.
Let them call us canting zealots,
Low-born churls, with scoff and sneer,
Those who stake their all for conscience
Men will love and tyrants fear.

Than our lowly stern-brow'd heroes
Scorn'd, oppress'd as man ne'er was,
Braver, truer, nobler, never
Fought and bled in Freedom's cause.

MAGGIE.

THOU'RT dear to me, Maggie, thou'rt dear to me,
As the air to the bird, as the flower to the bee,
As a sang o' hame in a foreign land,
Or a country's weal to a patriot band.
Artless and winning and blythe as can be,
Maggie, thy love is the world's wealth to me.

Thou'rt dear to me, Maggie, thou'rt dear to me,
And ever will be till the day that I dee ;
Ever will be while the bright sun shines,
And the heart feels the glow of the gen'rrous wines.
While the pulses throb and the blood flows free,
There'll be nane in the world like Maggie to me.

Thou'rt fair to me, Maggie, thou'rt fair to me,
O sweet is the glance o' thy dark witching e'e,
And gentle thy smile, like the bright star o'
morning ;
That sheds its pure rays the bleak world adorning :
Sae joyous and gladsome a' sorrows maun flee,
Maggie, thou'rt peerless, there's nane rivals thee.

Thou'rt fair to me, Maggie, thou'rt fair to me,
 Wi' thy lithe comely form, and thy step light
 and free,
 Like snaw is thy brow where the dark locks are
 lying,
 And ripe are thy lips the carnation outvying,
 Olympian gods as their nectar they pree
 Taste not half the joys that their sweets bring
 to me.

I'm blest in thee, Maggie, I'm blest in thee,
 Chief source of the joys that this world brings
 to me ;
 What tho' fortune may frown and adversity lour,
 And the hard gripe o' poortith may darken the
 hour ;
 As the bright genial sun makes the darkest
 clouds flee
 So thy presence brings joy 'mid affliction to me.

ODE TO THE DEPARTING YEAR,
 1864.

SLOW roll the hours away. The parting year
 Lingers upon the marge of time loathe to depart,
 The night winds sigh in sullen cadence drear
 Like the deep moanings of a troubled heart,
 To whose great woes no joy can hope impart.

Yon broad blue vault where myriad planets shine
Rolling in splendour through their paths divine,
Seem watching, with ten thousand eyes, to see
One of Timè's atoms seek eternity.

But, like the Phœnix of the ancient days,
Out of thy ashes one shall spring to life,
Oh, make the olive hide the warrior's bays,
On its young brow bring peace where reigneth
strife.

Peace to the nations where war's hideous form
Stalks on red-dyed in tumult, wreck, and storm
Of battle,—peace where rebellion, faction-led,
Would wreck the land for which their fathers
bled.

Peace to those groaning 'neath a tyrant's reign,
Rest, strength, and might to rise and strike again,
For only peace of heart and mind can be
Where thought, where action, where mankind is
free.

Peace to the stricken heart harassed with care,
Hope to the hopeless struggling with despair,
Strength to the feeble, to the poor respite,
A day an hour of unalloyed delight,
Forgetfulness of want's hard daily fight.

War saw thy birth, the gory king will see
Thee launched from time into eternity.
Denmark has felt his edge cut sharp and deep
When o'er her rushed the foe with mighty sweep,

Not e'en her Dannewerke, or better far,
Her own brave heart could stay the dogs of war.
'Tis done, her daughters mourn her slaughtered
band ;
While sigh her sons and mourn their severed
land.

Poland lies panting 'neath the tyrant's feet,
Shorn of her strength, and in her heart despair,
Still in her dreams she hears the war-drums beat,
Marshalling the hosts again to do and dare :
Still sees her sons, the bravest of the brave,
Charge once again for freedom or the grave.
'Tis but a dream. Her streams and fields are red
With the best blood that patriot ever shed,
The foe exulting in his force and guile
No pity shows,—deals death, the lash, exile,
And in his hatred and his frenzied rage
Manhood forgets, spares neither sex nor age.

Freedom, blest heritage to mankind given,
Thou priceless boon, bequeathed direct from
Heaven,
The brightest jewel that a land can own
To guard her laws, her people, and her throne.
E'en though that land be sterile, bleak and bare,
It hath a charm if freedom shelters there.
The captive eagle mourns his mountain home
Where tempests sweep, and cascades wildly foam.

The caged lion dreams of forests wide
Where oft he strode in more than kingly pride,
As longed Columbus for Columbia's strand,
Or dying Christian for the promised land,
Or fainting pilgrim for the crystal spring,
So long the oppress'd for sweets that freedom
bring.

But hark ! across the Atlantic's troubled wave,
Above the crash of foemen and the din of fight,
Comes the glad tidings, freedom to the slave,
Linked with the glorious triumph of the right.
Oh, speed the time when causeless strife shall fail,
When truth and justice shall again prevail,
Rebellion dead, there's not a spot shall be
But what is sacred unto liberty.
And as the years in quick succession roll.
And progress broad'ning spreads from pole to
pole,
May Britain and America be found
In peace, in commerce, and in friendship bound,
And in their rivalry be still confined
To which the most shall benefit mankind.

THE AULD MAID.

DOUN where the burn gi'es a jink round the
elachan
Stands a snug little cottage, sae cosie and bien,

Tho' it looks trig an' bonnie, there's nae mirth
or lauchin'
Ever heard in the dwellin' o' Tibby M'Queen.
Snaw-white are the wa's frae the floor to the
ceilin'
Without an' within' a's as clean's a new preen ;
By the wee hallan winnock where the creepers
are speilin'
Wi' her knittin' in hand sits Miss Tibby
M'Queen.

Hard-featured and prim, wi' a look unco thrifty,
Wi' the grey in her locks, but the fire in her e'e,
Tho' the wrinkles speak lood o' the wrang side
o' fifty
Yet still she's erect an' as stately's can be.
Miss Tibby is rich, has lands, gear, an' siller,
An' braw silks an' satins, the like was ne'er seen,
Wi' jewels an' pearlins her auntie did will her,
There's been mony a net laid for Tibby M'Queen.

For tho' she's an auld maid she ne'er wanted
offers,
The Dominie tried wi' his learning an' airt,
To win Tibby's heart, of course that meant her
coffers,
She saw thro' his drift an' quick bade him depairt.
An' the pompous bit writer they ca' Robin
Sleegrip,
Wi' his lang nebbit words tried to dazzle her
een ;

E'en Mess John lusted after the fleshpats o'
Egypt,
In the weel stockit aumries o' Tibby M'Queen.

Tho' she now hates the men when they meet
ow'er a drappie,
The gossips still speak o' a time lang gane by
When Tibby was young, bonnie, winsome, an'
happy,
Wi' a heart that was licht as the blue simmer
sky.
How a sailor lad won her, a braw strappin'
fellow,
A handsomer pair never trod ower the green,
His ship went to sea an' was nae mair heard
tell o',
Grief sat lang at the sair heart o' Tibby M'Queen.

Some will say that the bloom on Tib's nose
comes o' drinking,
I canna say yes, yet I daurna say no,
But if folk frae their clashes wad keep I've been
thinking
We'd hae less in the world o' misery an' woe.
It ill suits us worms ithers fauts to be spying,
We've a' our bit failings tho' they're maybe no
seen,
An' the ane that is blameless an' aye self-denying
Let them throw the first stane at auld Tibbie
M'Queen.

Ye maun gang to the kirk to see Tib in full glory.
She hates modern fashions, it wad maist make
ye smile

As lang, lank an' lean, she steps proudly before ye,
In an auld fashint hat o' the coal-scuttle style.

When charity's preach'd she to heart takes the
preaching,

Her faith thro' her warks is aye clear to be seen,
But the sturdiest beggar that ever try'd fleeching
Thinks twice ere he trys it on Tibby M'Queen.

The deep mountain loch tho' wi' rocks it be
belted,

Maun aye hae some outlet to win to the sea,
The heart maun be hard that ne'er can be melted,
An' pity be quenched when nae tear dims the e'e.
Tibby daes guid by stealth. Ask the tired
widow bending

Ower her sair weary labour wha aye stands her
frien',

An' list to the prayers o' the orphan ascending—
The name that gangs heavenward is Tibby
M'Queen.

THE COVENANTER'S BRIDAL.

THE heather was green on the muirland and
mountain,

The cowslip and daisy bloom'd fair on the lea,

The heathbell waved wild by the lone mossy fountain,
Whose clear sparkling waters rolled swift to the sea.

'Mong the white clouds of summer the laverock was singing
A joyous love song to its mate on the plain,
And the bleat of the mountain-goat loudly was ringing,
From grey crag and green cliff it echoed again.

The wail of the plover came down from the corrie,
The cry of the shepherd came up from the fold,
The falcon sprang light from the cairn old and hoary,
Screaming loud as to heaven his broad pinions unroll'd.

The bee sang his song as he sipped from each flower,
The butterfly sped o'er the bright bosomed earth,
All nature in woodland and green shady bower
Sang a sweet laughing chorus of gladness and mirth.

'Twas the days when our sires fled their houses of prayer,
In the temple of nature to worship the Lord,
Mong the wild mountain-glens where the fox had his lair,
When one hand grasped the Bible, the other the sword.

"Twas a time of stern ruin, when wide desolation
Like the simoom of Afric swept over the land,
When a people, upheld by a strange exaltation,
Braved death ere they'd stoop to a tyrant's
command.

In a dell lone and deep stood a youth and a maiden,
By an altar of turf, with their kinsmen around,
While the stern rugged preacher with years heavy
laden,
Bless'd the young hopeful pair whom in wedlock
he'd bound.

They had loved long and well in the days of
their childhood,
On the muirland they'd sported so joyous and
free,
She was fair as the primrose that blows in the
wildwood,
And Walter was worthy of fair Marion Lee.

The ring had been placed, and the word had
been spoken,
But why stand the guests as if all were spell-
bound ?
'Mid the clattering of sabres the charm soon was
broken,
And the troopers of Claverhouse circled them
round.

"I have come with my horsemen to grace your
blythe bridal,
With my redcoats I've come to taste your good
cheer,"
Quoth their gay gallant captain, as up they did
ride all,
And light was his laughter and scornful his sneer.

From his proud prancing steed to the sod he
leaped lightly,
All bedecked out in scarlet, and silver and gold,
His helmet he doffed to the bride and bowed
sprightly,
His bearing was high, and his speech it was bold.

"High dames have I seen whom I thought fair
and peerless,
In many a gay palace and proud lordly hall,
Now I know that the muirland, so bleak, cold,
and cheerless,
Hath a flower that in beauty surpasseth them all.

"Shall those bright eyes glance love, shall those
soft charms be wasted,
On the base canting churl that stands by thy
side ?
Shall he kiss those rich lips that e'en Jove might
have tasted,
The lips I shall kiss be thou maiden or bride ?"

The cheek of the bride rivall'd snow in its whiteness,
As she eyed the insulter with sorrowful pride,
Flashed the eye of the bridegroom like lightning in brightness,
As he bared the good weapon that hung by his side.

The guests gathered round, but no word did they utter,
But each man drew his claymore and tighten'd his plaid,
To the God of their fathers a prayer they did mutter,
Then rushed to the combat with hearts undismayed.

With the clamour of battle the valley is sounding,
Horse and foot, hand to hand, they strive fierce on the plain,
Sabres gleam, muskets flash, wounded war-steeds are bounding,
And the green sod is red with the blood of the slain.

When the battle was o'er and the troopers were flying,
The bride sought the bridegroom all over the heath.

And found him where thick lay the dead and the dying,
By the side of their leader, his eyes closed in death.

She kissed his cold lips, and gazed in mute sorrow
On all that so late was her joy and her pride,
Her heart broke in twain, and ere dawning of morrow

The fair Marion Lee was a corse by his side.

In their lives they were lovely, in death not divided,
Together they laid them within the same grave,
And o'er the fresh sod where their dust was confided
Fell the sad bitter tears of the gentle and brave.

When round the bright hearth meet the young and the hoary,
And the long nights of winter o'ershadow the glen,
To this day they tell over this sad fearful story
Of the fairest of maids and the bravest of men.

ON A PRIMROSE BANK I WANDER'D.

ON a primrose bank I wander'd
On a bonnie April day,

Where a sparkling brook meander'd
'Neath the hawthorn's budding spray;
Loud an' clear the lark was singing
In the fleecy clouds above,
Every grove and dell was ringing
Wi' the cushat's sang o' love.

Every bank wi' flowers was blooming
A' sae bonnie sweet an' fair,
While their odours rich perfuming,
Filled the saft an' balmy air ;
A' was life, an' light, an' gladness,
'Neath the sunlight's radiant glow ;
Joy ne'er comes but follows sadness—
Winter soon will lay them low.

So wi' man in life's gay morning
A' is pleasant, fresh, an' fair,
Youth, an' hope, an' joy adorning,
What could mortals wish for mair ?
Like the bee that scents the treasure
On we roam thro' life's gay plain,
Drinking long, deep draughts o' pleasure,
Drinking deeper still of pain.

Years roll on, and youth has perished,
Joy and pleasure's on the wane,
And bright hopes we long have cherished
Turn out phantoms of the brain.

Ever transient, steadfast never,
But like shadows come and go,
Are the bright spots on life's river,
Then comes death and strikes the blow.

THE VILLAGE CHURCH.

THE village church, old, rude and hoary,
Rises now before mine eyes,
Our country's stay and crowning glory
Bought with blood, a freeman's prize.
Through the spreading branches green
Gable, spire, and vane are seen.

A massy pile, with many a scar
The warring elements have made,
But o'er each gap and wound of war
The ivy throws its kindly shade.
And round the grey storm-beaten walls
In many a festoon darkly falls.

The martin builds among the eaves,
The chattering rook within the spire,
Among the thick dark ivy leaves
The stockdove pours a lover's fire,
And pilgrim swallows gather there,
Ere they to sunny climes repair.

A little lawn, cross cropp'd and clean,
With golden cups and daisies spread,

Fronts the old porch, while strong and green
A stately beech-tree rears its head,
Beneath whose kindly sheltering shade
Meet villager and village maid.

The squirrel bounds from tree to tree,
And curious eyes the passer by;
At gloaming, on the dewy lea,
The timid leveret you might spy,
Sporting at will and free of care,
As if it knew no danger there.

And strewn around in close array
Are low green mounds where lie the dead,
When call'd from rural toils away
The village worthies here are laid ;
Could sweeter spot on earth be found
Than yonder soft green mossy mound ?

OUR BONNIE WEE NELL.

It's bonnie to see the wee lamb at play
On heathery bank and steep rocky brae,
And sweet is the sight o' the modest blue-bell
As it blooms on the lea,
'Neath the auld thorn tree—
But they're no half sae lovely as bonnie wee Nell.

She's sae chubby and rosy,
Sae blythesome and cozy,

Her wee honest face is a mirror to tell

O' thochts bricht and cheery,

Or dull, sad, and dreary,

That lurk in the heart o' our bonnie wee Nell.

Wi' her snaw-white wee broo,

Dimpled chin, cherry mon',

And hearty bit lauch that rings like a bell,

What fun and what glee

Glints in her black ee;

Oh, a roguish bit thing is our bonnie wee Nell.

Like some auld reverend grannie she sits on her
chair,

And looks up in our face wi' sae solemn an air

That I doot very much if Solomon himsel',

Wi' a' his wisdom and wit

When a toddlin' wee chit,

Look'd half as wise-like as bonnie wee Nell.

Wi' her pawkie bit airts

She win's straight to a' hearts,

And binds them a' fast wi' some magic spell;

Oh, sae frisky and airy

Is this bonnie wee fairy,

The star o' our dwelling is bonnie wee Nell.

Oh, ye great Power above,

Whose whole heart is love,

Look doun frae the blue lift, where glorions ye dwell,

And guard her, our pleasure,

Our lovely wee treasure,

For a sweet tender flower is bonnie wee Nell.

THE ROMAN CAMP.

ON thy fair fertile brow I wondering stand
And gaze with rapture o'er the smiling land,
See meadows fair, and darkly waving woods,
And cultured fields, and streams, and shining
floods ;
And thought sweeps backward o'er the gulf of
time,
Through dreary mists of darkness, blood, and
crime,
When Rome, the haughty mistress of the world,
With iron will her martial legions hurl'd,
And bent beneath her prond and conquering
sway
The powers and peoples of her darkened day.
O mighty change since o'er thy emerald sod
Proud in their strength her mail-clad warriors
trod !
The vanquished then, *now* conquers in her might,
The victor *then*, now sinks in darkest night.

THE DYING EMIGRANT.

THE sun sinks slowly down the west,
His face again I'll never see.
The early morn will bring it back
But never mair to gladden me.

Then lay me by the cabin door
Where oft I've watched his golden rays,
There let me look my soul away
And dream the dreams o' ither days.

The scenes, the joys o' early years
Sweep like a flood-tide thro' my brain,
By memory's magic spell brocht back
I see, I feel them a' again.
O blest remembrance that revives
The sacred joys o' love divine,
What balm to mony a weary heart
Comes wi' the sweet thochts o' langsyne !

I see the cot where I was born,
The glen, the burnie wimplin' clear,
A mother's face—her low sweet voice
Wi' sweetest music fills my ear.
But nae mair will her loving hand
Brush frae my brow the dark, damp hair,
And nae mair will her loving words
Dispel the pain that lingers there.

Ilk weel-lo'ed haunt o' early youth
Is passing noo before my e'en,
Tall leafy woods and shady dells
A' freshly robed in shining green ;
Wi' hame-flowers nestling on the braes,
Steeped in the glow o' summer noon,
An' the bonnie hawthorn frosted ower
Wi' the scented blooms o' May an' June.

The Ottawa 'tween bank an' brae
 Rows on her calm resistless tide,
 The tall pines in the e'enig breeze
 Are bending ower her verdant side ;
 The mocking-bird still wakes the grove,
 An' hameward sings the forest bee,
 But O for the lintie's bonnie sang
 An' the Esk to croon a dirge for me.

An' O to sleep where my kindred sleep,
 In the green auld kirkyard's hallowed ground,
 Where Sabbath bells an' Sabbath psalms
 In holy murmurs float around.
 My rest methinks wad be mair sweet
 If the footfa' o' a friend were near,
 If loving hands wad deck my grave
 An' worth bedew it wi' a tear.

But stranger's earth maun be my bed,
 An' stranger's sod maun be my pillow,
 While stranger's hands maun bear the load,
 An' lay me 'neath the pale green willow.
 It's sad to dee frae friends an' hame,
 Yet sweet the thocht that late or soon
 That weary exiles, friends will meet
 To pairt nae mair in the hame aboon.

THE DRUNKARD'S DREAM.

THE tipler's curfew rang frae auld Saint Giles,
And doun the High Street flocked their drucken
files,

Roused frae their cups the reeling wretches came
And turn'd their steps to make a hell o' hame ;
Save those wha lang by wanton folly led
Kent o' nae shelter where to lay their head.
The nicht was wild, fast fell the drenching rain,
December winds howled like a fiend in pain,
The driving clouds across the troubled sky
In ragged patches wild and fleet did fly.
The waning moon shone thro' the rents between
Like virtue shuddering at the awfu' scene.

Bauld Robin Ross, a fell and drouthy wicht,
Was roaring fu' that wild December nicht ;
He left his cronies, how he ne'er could tell,
And took the weary hameward route himsel'.
The road was lang, and ere he got half way
His head was resting on the miry clay,
On Calton's slopes beneath the moon's pale beam
He sleeping lay and dream'd a wondrous dream :
The past, the present, and the future too,
Swept like a vision past his troubled view.

Sweet are thy joys o' blythesome days o' youth,
When hearts are filled wi' innocence and truth :

When down the stream o' time our bounding bark
Skims o'er each ill as lightly as a lark ;
And with the buoyant heart which youth bestows
Makes niggard fortune turn to joys our woes :
When 'neath the shady birk, or flowering thorn,
Twa young hearts meet and gentle love is born.
Sweeter than wealth and fame, or pomp and power,
The joys that gild that blest and raptured hour.
So Robin thocht as 'mid that storm o' rain
He woo'd and won his Mary ower again,
And felt his heart glow wi' a manly pride
While looking on his fair young modest bride ;
And months and years flew by and went ower
soon,
For still to baith they seem'd the honeymoon ;
And toddlin' wee things gathered round their
hearth,
Filling their hearts wi' glee, their hame wi' mirth.
Care and his black tribe left them in despair,
While love and joy were holy inmates there.

But man is fickle, aye, and woman too,
We leave the substance, shadows still pursue ;
Something we wish, that something would obtain,
And to acquire it strive with might and main ;
With eager look, and joyous gaze we stand,
And from our Pisgah view the promised land ;
But once possessed the witching glamour's o'er,
It still may please, but charms us never more.

So Robin, triflin' wi' the joys possessed,
And longing to be more supremely blest,
Turn'd frae his hame wi' a' its bliss and quiet,
And sought new joys in revelry and riot.
A social glass, a crack, a cantie sang,
Wi' weel-kent cronies speeds an hour alang,
An idle hour that e'en the thriftiest dame
Wad ne'er begrudge a loving spouse frae hame.
Temperate in a' things is a guidly text,
But gie some ae glass and they want the next;
And Robin proved this to be unco true.
Cautious at first he soon mair reckless grew.
To drink's delirious joys his heart he gave,
Lost self-control, became its bounden slave.
Nicht after nicht, ay, often day by day,
Carousing self-respect and cash away.
In Lucky Grippy's parlour see him sit,
Cock o' the roost for mirth, and fun, and wit,
While brither sots their drucken homage pay,
And Lucky smiles applause, sae weel she may.

Weel favoured, fair and plump, I ween was she,
Wi' rosy cheeks an' merry laughin' ee,
Her spring o' life had lang since fled away,
The flowery, dewy, gushing time o' May.
Now in the summer o' her charms stood she,
A rich ripe apple tempting to the ee,
Gifted wi' ready wit and pawkie airt,
Weel was she skill'd to play her kittle pairt.

Wi' certain glance each guest's weak point could tell,

Then rade his hobby maist as guid's himsel'.

And O sae kind and couthie was the dame !

Speir'd wi' concern if a' was weel at hame,

Laugh'd at their joys, and at their griefs was still,

And tapp'd her feelings as she tapp'd her yill.

She wastes nae favours on puir common trash;

Who wins her graces maun be graced wi' cash.

Bacchus wi' brither gods ne'er toom'd his liquor

Wi' madder glee, nor faster passed the bicker,

Than Robin and his cronies, wi' guid will,

They sung their sang, then ca'd the ither gill.

True blue were they, a merry drouthy set,

Their highest aim to keep their thrapples wet,

And noble motives thrill'd their patriot blude

In drinking, drank they for their country's guid.

They kent the state at times wad play a plisky

And paid the score off Scotland's guid auld whiskey;

And fast and close they stuck to ane anither,

As man to wife, as brither unto brither;

A cronie's word or wink a plea could gain

That wives and mithers socht, but socht in vain.

They'd pawn their duds, a cronie's throat to weet,

Tho' wives and weans wi' cauld and hunger greet,

Fraternal fires burn bright while on the spree,

In sober mood anither man is he;

Then fulsome friendship, noble scorn of pelf,
A' sink and vanish, hard and cold stands self.

Wi' chiels like this sat Robin nicht by nicht,
And drank, and play'd, and sang wi' a' his micht,
'Mid rattling dominoes and jest profane,
And merry chorus sung, then roar'd again ;
Drank till his muddled brain was in a creel,
Drank till he saw the glasses rock and reel,
Drank till the glowing stars were rinnin' races,
And leddy moon was making ugly faces !
Drank till his faither's face was plough'd wi' care,
And every glass made grey anither hair :
Drank till his mither shame nae mair could
brave,
And broken-hearted sank into the grave ;
Drank till auld cronies cut him in the street,
Then ruin laugh'd while beggary kiss'd his feet.

Lost now their happy hame, its comforts fled,
Rags was their raiment, curses was their bread ;
The cheery wee things, ance so blyth an' crouse,
The simmer sunshine o' the happy hoose,
Blessings thocht Robin ance, sent by kind heaven,
Were plagues and torments, be the thocht for-
given.

Nae mair on Mary's face the smile was seen,
Nae mair the joy-fires sparkled in her e'en,
At first she bravely bore the withering curse,
Kept a' things snod and managed weel the purse,

Wi' patient love and strength beyond compare,
Hoped for the best, till hope died in despair;
Then life to her sank into storm and gloom,
Shorn of its splendour, tarnished in its bloom,
While present woes look blacker to her gaze
Contrasted wi' the bliss o' former days;
Now by the fireless hearth she wipes the tear,
Waits for the step she wish'd yet fears to hear.

Scotland, my native land, so fair, yet wild,
I love thee as a mother loves her child,
I glory in thy great, thy honoured name,
Proud of thy triumphs, jealous of thy fame ;
Among thy snow-capp'd hills and peaks sublime
Bold freedom found her first her chosen clime ;
There taught thy sons with manly front to brave
The tyrant's scorn, to loathe the name of slave ;
And gave them too what she alone can yield,
The mind's dominion, prowess in the field ;
And all the humbler glories born of peace.
To rich and poor, oh, may these joys increase !
Still round their honoured hearths may peace and
love

Keep watch and ward, twin guardians from above.
The land is stern, but every single rood
Is consecrated with a freeman's blood ;
The homes are blest within thy stormy clime
Where virtue daily smiles on deeds sublime ;
But like the spots upon the silver moon,
Or low'ring clouds that veil the sun at noon,

Drink's mighty shadow, like a funeral pall,
Hangs o'er the land, while countless thousands.
fall ;
Scotland, thy glory pales beneath its gleam,
And vice and virtue find thee still extreme.

The storm raged on, and Robin in his sleep
Saw past and present swift before him sweep,
And like a vista stretching strange and new,
The unknown future spread before his view ;
And Robin walk'd among the sons o' men,
But what he saw was hid frae mortal ken.
Wonder was in his heart and in his een,
And as he gazed, he mused upon the scene.

A spacious avenue stretched lang and wide,
Wi' noble trees adorned on either side,
Their giant branches cleft the space between,
Made one long arch o' fresh and living green,
Amang the leaves a thousand lamps shone bright,
And filled the space below with dazzling light,
Frae unseen choirs amang tall shrubs and trees
Stole soft rich music murmuring on the breeze ;
Sweet as the siren's sang whom none could fly,
Which ravished mariners heard but heard to die.
A strange and motley crowd pour'd swift alang,
Wi' shout and dance, and merry sounding sang ;
The glowing lights upon their faces gleam,
A surging, never ceasing, mighty stream.

Each mindful but of self, the grave, the gay,
Their only bond, their faces turn'd one way ;
The high, the low, the rich and poor pass'd on,
The monarch's robe beside the beggar's shone ;
Nor jarring doctrines could the twain divide,
The priest and presbyter walk'd side by side :
And every creed that sways the human soul,
And every passion walk'd and found its goal.
Wi' grand and stately air Ambition came,
Wi' blood-red laurels frae the fields o' fame.
A golden crown wi' dazzling lustre shone
Before his eye and lured him on and on.
His path is water'd by the widow's tear,
While orphans' sighs assail his heedless ear.
And Hate wi' sunken eye, and brow like night,
Seowl'd as he passed upon each luckless wight,
And rude Revenge, wi' horrid reeking knife,
Glared like a fiend and sought the foeman's life.
High rose the song, swell'd music's softest strain,
As Pleasure passed among the joyous train ;
His right hand waved on high the ruby wine,
His left round Beauty's glowing form did twine,
While bright eyed maids with light and nimble feet
Trip merry time to numbers soft and sweet.
Wi' sair bemuddled brain and vacant e'e,
Reel'd Drunkenness alang wi' sangs o' glee,
His brither Gluttony was at his side,
Wi' stomach huge and fat, and greasy hide,
His chubby nose, half-lost 'mong fields o' beef,
Scented the feast afar and found relief.

And Jealousy was there, now hot, now cauld,
As love or hate his changeful heart entrall'd.
And grasping Usury wi' weel-filled bags,
Close at his heels came Spendthrifts clad in rags.
Wi' greedy clutch the Miser hugg'd his treasure,
His joy of joys, his first, his darling pleasure,
The leering, wanton, reckless debauchee,
The giddy maid, the matron loose and free,
Wi' sangs o' mirth, or sighs o' melancholy,
That mighty host swept o'er the Path of Folly.

And Robin, mingling wi' the various thrang,
Saw wondrous follies as he passed alang.
He saw the rich man spending untold gold
For happiness, a thing not bought or sold,
And when the much-sought prize before him lay
He trifled with it till it fled away ;
And those oppressed wi' poverty's dread curse
Wi' wanton mischief making bad still worse,
Spoiling the little sunshine fortune sent
Wi' bitter frets and idle discontent.
The wealth the sire had striven hard to gain
By weary years o' labour, thought, and pain,
His idle son, ensnared by play's foul vice,
Staked and lost all on one throw o' the dice.
He saw the sick man striving hard for health,
Thinking it cheap though bought wi'a' his wealth;
He saw the strong throw health and strength
away
For wealth that only came to urn his clay ;

And loving hearts wi' pride asunder riven,
 When ae kind word could bring the bliss o'
 heaven.

But folly's race is ever swiftly run,
 We scarce get started ere the goal is won.
 Before astonished Robin's wondering sight
 Hell's portals opened gleaming fair and bright,
 Stately and tall the fluted columns rose
 Of polished marble, white as Alpine snows,
 And noble arches, whose gigantic span
 Mocked with their strength the puny works of
 man. .

On either hand, far as the vision went,
 Rose pillar'd forests, arch with column blent,
 And lovely women wi' bewitching wiles,
 Wi' honied words and sweet alluring smiles,
 Filled wi' the ruddy wine the goblet rare,
 And gave to all who came and entered there.
 Through gaping portals Robin entered in,
 Fair seem'd the hame o' Satan and o' sin,
 Rolling and vast, a boundless realm is seen,
 Whose billowy plains are clothed wi' freshest
 green.

Tall mountains from their midst abrupt arose,
 Their splintered peaks crowned wi' eternal
 snows :

Around were orchards filled wi' luscious fruits,
 While glowing fountains sparkled at their roots;
 Above, nae vault o' blue serenely fair,
 Nor sun, nor moon, nor stars, with radiance rare,

Bright glowing vapours fill the concave vast,
And weirdly splendours from their billows cast,
Nor voice o' man or beast awoke a sound,
A strange and fearful silence reign'd around ;
Like to the hush that o'er the forest reigns
When every leaf seems bound in nature's chains,
Ere o'er the forest monarch's mighty form,
Wi' awful fury bursts the thunder storm,
Stifling and hot the air, if air it be,
And ever deep'ning in intensity.

A fierce and horrid drouth thro' Robin stole,
A drouth that seemed to burn his very soul,
Unquenchable he felt, tho' Tweed's broad river,
Should pour its waters doun his throat for ever.
He saw a fountain gurgling at his feet,
Sae clear and sparkling, cauler like and sweet,
And knelt him doun upon the mossy brink,
For ae lang pull, ae strong and mighty drink,
Never had Robin kent until that hour
The power o' drouth, yet weel he kent its pow'r,
When frae the deep debauch at morn he woke
Wi' blistered tongue that rattled as he spoke.
Never was Lucky Grippy's foaming ale,
Or pure Glenlivet—never kent to fail,
Sae much desired as that clear shining pool,
That sparkled there, sae cauler, sweet, and cool.
He took ae draught, his e'en stood in his head,
The cauler pool had changed to boiling lead.
Transfixed wi' rage and pain poor Robin stood,
The fiery liquid mingling wi' his blood.

Near to him stood a tree wi' grand array,
 O' juicy peaches hanging on ilk spray,
 He clutched the fruit his burning lips to slake,
 The downy peach changed to a venom'd snake ;
 The glitt'ring show that so deceived the eye,
 Was a' a cheat, a base, a wicked lie ;
 The hideous reptile from his grasp he threw,
 And o'er the flower-gemm'd sod he wildly flew,
 But now new horrors thicken round his track,
 The usual fate of him that turneth back,
 The unyielding earth, before so green and fair,
 Now horrid swamps and reeking quagmires bear,
 Thro' which he plunged in wild and headlong
 haste,
 Their grimy contents reaching to his waist.
 While slimy horrors round him twist and crawl,
 Their shapeless masses sicken and appal ;
 He struggled backward till the gates were
 near.

Now wan despair is wedded to his fear,
 The spacious gateways frae the outside seen
 Had vanished now as if they ne'er had been,
 'Twas like a' traps that will the unwary grieve,
 Easy to enter, but how hard to leave,
 Wi' hopeless woe depicted on his face,
 Robin kent now the hardships o' the case.
 The drouth aye mair and mair his vitals wrench
 And naething near that fearfu' drouth to quench,
 The giant hills that stud the glittering plains
 Like demons seem'd to mock his bitter pains ;

Their treasured snaws he kent would bring
relief

And that denied but added to his grief.
The fiery vapours flaming high o'erhead
A glaring dazzling lustre round him shed,
O how he long'd for Heaven's blue placid sky,
For ae cool spot to rest his fevered eye,
“Eternity,” he cried, “what will it be
When every moment seems eternity?”

With aimless steps he wandered o'er the plain
And thought on joys he ne'er would feel again,
And soon he sees with all their wealth of woe
The hosts of hell go hurrying to and fro ;
Pass and repass, but still each other shun,
The silence of the grave on every one.
Still to the mountain-tops their eyes they raise.
And view the cold white snows with burning
gaze ;
Hopeless the task for them those snows to gain,
But eyes will rise and sink and rise again,
He joins the throng who ever enter in
And with them walks the broad highway of sin.
A great and massy pile at length they gain
Placed in the centre of the emerald plain.
The judgment-hall through which the doomed
must go,
Here dwells the ruler of the realms of woe.
Through vast and lofty halls they thronging sped.
The lonely aisles resounding back their tread,

On, on they pour for ever and for ever,
A silent sullen many-passion'd river,
A murmur ever hov'ring o'er the host,
Caused by the bitter sighing of the lost.
They reach a hall magnificently great,
Where sat the monarch in the pomp of state,
A lurid splendour round about him shone,
A strange unearthly glory all his own,
Nor guards nor councillors stood near the throne,
On high he sat unaided and alone.

Of form majestic, on his shining face
Despair and pride had left their haggard trace ;
His massive brow, by far the nobler part,
Showed mighty mind, but left no trace of heart,
His piercing eyes that like twin meteors shone,
Bewildering all they turned their gaze upon,
A mocking smile upon his lip sat ever,
As if he scorned man's homage and its giver ;
A glorious face as ever painter limned,
Its beauty blasted, and its glory dimmed.

Each passed along before that jewell'd throne
Their low obeisance made, and quick were gone,
Nor sign, nor word, nor look the monarch gave,
Each came and went as silent as the grave.
But when it came to honest Robin's turn
He felt the glowing orbs right through him burn :
A thrill of horror in his breast awoke
As thus the dreaded ruler to him spoke :

“ Mortal, what seek ye in the realms of woe ?
Or why before our presence humbly bow,
Ere Charon old hath row'd thee o'er the Styx ?
Say what has placed thee in thy present fix ?
But wherefore ask ? an easy task to trace
The drunkard's folly by the drunkard's face.
What hath that folly brought well thou canst
tell,

To thee the pains of earth, the woes of hell,
A curse hangs ever o'er the drunkard's cup,
Yet knowingly the drunkard drinks it up :
A curse that turneth brother against brother,
And makes the loving son assail the mother :
A curse that turneth love to bitter strife,
And makes the husband scorn the loving wife :
While doting mothers by the curse opprest
Turn from the babe that nestled at their breast.
Stern independence doth its use forsake,
And truth and honour follows in his wake.
Its subtle venom poisons honest worth,
And all that man holds dear upon the earth ;
In every prison vile some victim lies,
Even hell is burdened with their bitter sighs.
Through dread eternity those sighs will sound,
Eternity that knows nor end nor bound,
Self-scorn'd, self-hated, all their vileness seen,
While memory whispers still what might have
been.

Beware, or soon for thee this doom's in store,
Repent in time, away, go drink no more.”

The vivid lightnings flamed around the hall,
Deep crashing thunders frighten and appal,
The strange wild pageant vanish'd 'mid the
gleam,
And Robin woke in terror from his dream.
And still around his chill'd and shrinking form
With headlong fury raged the pelting storm,
His troubled fancy ever seem'd to hear
That awful voice still sounding in his ear.
All nature seem'd to speak with tongue of fire.
In storm and wind, and rain and lightnings dire ;
The stars were singing in the vault of blue,
The thunders mutter'd, and the echoes too,
“ Beware ! or soon for thee this doom's in store,
Repent in time, away, go drink no more.”



S O N G S.

SCOTLAND, MY FATHERLAND.

BLEAK are the skies of my Fatherland,
And wildly its tempests roar,
But the seas that gird my Fatherland
Beat loud on a freeman's shore.
Its hills throned high 'mid the curling mists
Are crown'd with the driven snow,
The eagle dwells on their mighty breasts,
Free, free as the dwellers below.

Land of the mist and storm,
Home of the free,
Scotland, my Fatherland,
Joy dwell with thee.

Cold is the clime of my Fatherland
Yet warm hearts ever beat there,
And the sons that guard my Fatherland
Are brave as its daughters are fair.
And the stirring deeds of a noble past,
Deeds born of a glorious prime,
Still roll through the land like a trumpet's blast,
And will rouse till the end of time.

By the gladsome hearths of my Fatherland
When the storms blow keen and cold,
The wild sweet songs of my Fatherland
Tell the might of the men of old.
And the might of the sires to the sons belong,
And brighter thy march will be,
Wild land of romance, of story and song,
Be thou ever the home of the free.

Land of wild hill and glen,
Home of the free,
Scotland, my Fatherland,
How I love thee.

THE BONNIE HARVEST MOON.

'TWAS nigh the back end o' the year,
The apple hung baith ripe an' mellow,
The corn was heavy in the ear,
Or stood in stooks o' gouden yellow,
When blythe I gaed to meet my dear,
My heart sae licht felt nae repining,
The nicht was still, the sky was clear,
The bonnie harvest moon was shining.

Upon a bank we baith sat down,
I thocht I held the world's ae treasure,
As wi' my arms I clasp'd her roun',
Nor love nor time our bliss could measure.

On wings o' joy the hours went by,
The mair the bliss they flew the fleeter,
As singing larks that scale the sky
The higher mounting sing the sweeter.

O lang I vow'd nor vow'd in vain,
That her thro' life I'd love an' cherish,
She blushed consent, I vow'd again
When I deceive thee may I perish.
Lang years since syne hae come an' gane,
Wi' mony joys an' sma' repining,
An' still she's dear to me as when
That bonnie harvest moon was shining.

YESTREEN AT THE GLOAMING.

YESTREEN at the gloaming doun by the burnside
Where the sillar birks wave an' the clear waters
glide,
As the moon ower green Pentland was showing
her horn,
I met wi' young Jamie beside the grey thorn.
The blackbird had bedded, the cushie did sleep,
But the burn whispered whiles as it row'd clear
an' deep,
Jamie vow'd that he lo'ed me an' swore he'd prove
true,
An' I sat still an' listened—what less could I do?

He said that my een than the stars were mair clear,
That my cheek shamed the rose in the pride o'
 the year,
That my lips were twin rosebuds, fresh water'd
 wi' dew,
An', if preeing be proof, faith the laddie spoke
true.

At kirk or at fair, or the dance on the green,
A' he heard, a' he saw, was his ain bonnie Jean,
Wi' gladness my heart almost lap to my mou',
For weel I lo'ed Jamie—what less could I do ?

Auld Auntie will jeer, but her jeering is vain,
Lichtly won lightly worn is the hail o' her strain.
I just lauch in my sleeve for the cause I can tell,
Auld auntie had never a sweetheart hersel'.
But Jamie yestreen wi' his slee flatterin' tongue
Wrung a promise frae me, 'twas nae hard to be
 wrung,
Would I be his ain wife an' prove loving an' true?
Weel, I swither'd, an' said Yes—what less could I
do ?

THE TRYSTING TREE.

THE simmer sun gilds bank an' brae,
The flowers in wanton beauty spring,
The warbling birds wi' am'rous lay
Make ilka woodland echo ring,

The shepherd whistles frae the heights
To ca' his flocks beneath his ee,
But kens nae o' the sweet delights
That wait me 'neath the Trysting Tree.

Bloom fair ye birk, ye hawthorn flower,
An' sweetly scent the gowan lea,
Haste weary sun an' bring the hour,
When I maun seek the Trysting Tree.

Within you plantin' darkly green
Pale gloamin' strays ere day is fled,
The burnie wimples saft between
Low mossy banks wi' gowans spread.
There will I clasp within my arms
The bonnie lass sae dear to me,
Cauld care will flee before the charms
That lure me to the Trysting Tree.

Her rosy lips fu' aft I'll kiss,
Their honey sweets might tempt the bee,
Or steal a glimpse o' heavenly bliss
In love-blinks frae her sparkling ee.
Ower fortune's smiles we haena power,
Yet mony joys this warld can gie,
But O ! the rapture o' the hour
Aneath the bonnie Trysting Tree.

JESSIE, THE FLOWER O' THE DEE.

THE robin the dirge o' the simmer was singing,
 An' dowie an' wan was the grey birken tree,
 Pale autumn her gowd robes ower nature was
 flinging

To hide her decay frae the cauld searching ee.
 The woods were a' silent, the swallow was fleeing,
 To a fair sunny hame ower the wild roaring sea,
 The bee sang nae mair an' the wild flowers were
 deeing

When first I met Jessie, the flower o' the Dee.

Hae ye seen the wild rosebud unfauld to the
 morning,

Sweetly blushing thro' dew-tears its saft rosy ee ?
 Or the wee modest primrose the braeside
 adorning ?

Mair modest an' fair was young Jessie to me.

Hae ye heard the blythe lintie when shadows
 were stealing

Hymn a fond lay o' love to its mate on the tree ?
 How sweet is its voice a' its passion revealing,
 But sweeter was Jessie's, the flower o' the Dee.

Never face was mair fair, never heart beat mair
 kindly.

An' arch was the glance o' her merry dark ee,

But what we maist cherish the sooner 'twill perish,
The fairer the flower the sooner 'twill dee.
The cauld blasts o' winter fell chill ower my darling,
The bloom left her cheek, an' the fire left her ee;
Spring cam', wi' birds singing, but the wild flowers were springing
Ower the grave o' young Jessie, the flower o' the Dee.

THE EXILE'S RETURN.

HOMeward bound, homeward bound, and the bark fleet and free
Like the Albatross skims o'er the deep blue sea,
Mounting the waters and breasting the storm
Saw ye ever a ship of so goodly a form ?
Does she scent the green woods where her good timbers grew
That she quivers and leaps through the pathway of blue ?
I know not, but anxious and joyous I stand
To win the first glance of my dear native land.

See yon grey misty ridge, like a speck on the sky,
Now clearer and stronger it steals on the eye,

And the bold rugged hills in rich verdure
arrayed
Show the green sunny glens where in childhood
we play'd.
Old mem'ries flow back, and new thoughts flood
the brain,
The old friends we left will we meet them again?
Will a mother's rich love, and a sister's kind
hand,
Cheer the wanderer back to his own native land?

In fancy we roam o'er the heather-clad braes,
And renew the sweet pleasures of youth's happy
days,
While the songs that we learn'd on a fond
mother's knee
From the heart to the lips rise responsive and
free.
On the wings of the wind, like a bird to its nest,
Speed on noble bark to thy haven of rest,
Thy dark tow'ring mountains so lofty and grand
Bring joy to the exile, my loved native land.

KIRSTY CLAVER.

KIRSTY Claver, here I am
As fresh as ony daisy,
What's your will, my bonnie lamb?
You surely think I'm crazy.

Saxpence for that bonnie lot,
Losh, woman, dinna haver,
You canna buy the lives o' men
Sae cheap frae Kirsty Claver.

Fish are fish the world ower,
An' men are no sae plenty,
For here am I a strappin' lass
Unwed at ane an' twenty.
No that I canna get a man,
A bonnie face finds favour,
I say't mysel' that shouldna say't,
But that's like Kirsty Claver.

By chance I met wi' Wull yestreen
'Twas only chance I'm certain,
He geid a sigh, I geid the same,
He look'd as red's a partan.
But, eh, the birkie wasna blate,
It's shamefu sic behaviour,
His arm went slippin' round my waist,
"I like ye, Kirsty Claver."

My heart was like an empty creel,
It felt sae licht an' cheery,
He praised my mou', he preed my mou',
Saying, "Kirsty, you're a dearie."
I look'd into his sonsy face,
My heart was in his favour,
Said I, "My lad, I think there's twa,
That's you an' Kirsty Claver."

He raved aboot my gowden hair,
He praised my shape sae slender,
An' said that I should marry noo
While I was young an' tender.
An' hoo could ane resist a' that ?
It's past the best endeavour,
I'll marry Wull this very nicht,
Then fareweel Kirsty Claver.

MELVILLE'S GROVES.

O FAIR are Melville's shady groves
Bathed in the glow o' simmer morn,
When nature's robes o' fairest dye
Hang mantling ower the spreading thorn,
When wild flowers blush on bank an' brae,
An' gowans starlike gem the lea,
An' high amang the beechen bowers
The mellow mavis sings wi' glee.

But fairer than the fairest flower
That blooms sweet Melville's braes among,
As pure an' true as truth itsel'
Is Mary, tender, sweet, an' young.
Her broo like snaw, her een sae blue,
Twin stars stown frae the lift above,
Her smile as sweet, her voice as saft
As ere woke lover's heart to love.

Her fair young charms my looks confess,
For mair than mortal man would be
That could resist the witching glance
That steals frae oot her soul-lit ee.
O wealth has charms, an' fame is sweet,
I like them baith, I'll never lee,
But baith I'd pass to ca' her mine,
Then hame wad be a Heaven to me.

THE BONNIE WHITE ROSE.

THE standard flaunts proud on the braes o'
Glenfinnan,
The clansmen are gathering in warlike array,
Up Ronald, up Donald, there's crowns for the
winning,
Why tarry ye here ? come hasten away,
Leave the dun-deer to browse with the roe on
the mountain,
The fox to his covert, the lamb to its foes,
And the maiden to weep by the lone mossy foun-
tain,
Then up, clansmen up, for the bonnie White
Rose.

Then clansmen arouse, in the field muster
early,
And strike like your sires for the White
Rose and Charlie.

Dark Lochiel's out, his broad sword is gleaming,
When he leads the van who shall falter or fail?
From the glen and the mountain the Camerons
are streaming,
And the foeman will soon know the might of
the Gael.

Macdonald is up, with the men of Glengarry,
Brave heroes who never turned heel to their
foes,
Their banner through carnage to vict'ry they'll
carry,
Or die in defence of the bonnie White Rose.

The warpipe is pealing the old strains of glory,
The men of the mountains are rushing to arms,
Fired with romance and the deeds of old story,
While valour's fine frenzy each true bosom
warms.

Bring me my sword, what though dangers sur-
round me,
Though shrunken this arm, and my hair like
the snows,
In the red front of war with my brave sons
around me
I'll die for my prince and the bonnie White Rose.

ALICE LEE.

To Crichton kirk I gaed yest're'en,
An' mony a bonnie lass was there,

For rosy cheeks an' sparkling e'en
Were glancing round me everywhere.
Tho' some were fair, an' mair were braw,
An' busket pleasant to the e'e,
Yet no a lass amang them a'
Could match the charms o' Alice Lee.

The lily bending ower the stream
For winsome grace is past compare ;
The rosebud opening to the beam
Is aye a feast o' beauty rare.
Were rose an' lily blent in one,
Beside her face their charms wad flee,
There's no a flower beneath the sun
So fair as bonnie Alice Lee.

O Alice dear, O Alice fair,
Thou'st stown my simple heart away,
An' thou art clad in satins rare,
An' I am clad in hodden grey.
An' thou art rich while I am poor,
Thou gentle, I o' low degree ;
But I would die could that secure
The love o' bonnie Alice Lee.

Were I the laird o' Prestonha'
An' a' the lands by winding Tyne,
Low at her feet I'd lay them a',
But, oh, she never can be mine.

Yet tho' a stranger I remain
By iron fortune's stern decree,
There's no a gallant in her train
Wi' truer heart loves Alice Lee.

SCOTLAND, MY COUNTRY.

DEAR Scotland, my country, thy hills I adore,
Thy dark waving woodlands and ocean-lashed shore,
Thy green mossy glens where the heather bells wave
O'er the cairn of the martyr and warrior's grave;
Where freedom finds shelter and peace cheers
the lot
Of the peer in his palace, the hind in his cot,
Where'er in the wide world my footsteps may roam,
Dear Scotland, my country, thou'rt ever my home.

Dear to me are thy mists and thy sky's darksome frown,
Thy old warlike deeds and thy men of renown,
And the mem'ries that cling round that patriot band
Whose spirit like magic still broods o'er the land,
Still rouses the free blood in sire and in son,
Still hallows the fields that their valour hath won,

Where'er in the wide world my footsteps may
roam,
Dear Scotland, my country, thou'rt ever my
home.

There are lands bright and fair o'er the far dis-
tant wave,
Where the rose ever blooms, but they harbour
the slave ;
And 'mid ever-green bowers rings the night-
ingale's strain,
But its warblings are chill'd by the clank of the
chain.
Free, free as the winds o'er our mountains we
rove,
Our hearts light as day with the maidens we love,
Snows may cover the hills where the wild cascades
foam,
But thou'rt free, bonnie Scotland, my own native
home.

LOWLAND JEAN.

WHERE silver Esk rows to the sea
By Roslin's ruined castle grey,
By mossy bank an' flowery lea,
The crystal waters winding stray.
There oft, when gloamin' threw her plaid
O' mellow gloom around the scene,

An' sang-tired warblers sought the shade
 I've stray'd wi' bonnie Lowland Jean.

How balmy fell the evening breeze
 Deep laden wi' the breath o' June,
 An' saft an' sweet amang the trees
 We heard the stock dove's am'rous croon ;
 The pale moon rose an' frae the blue
 Shed splendour ower the lovely scene,
 While joys that Eden's bowers ne'er knew
 Enwrapt me an' fair Lowland Jean.

O fair her face, its witching power
 This loving heart can ne'er forget,
 In blissfu' dreams at midnight hour
 I see ilk angel feature yet ;
 An' hear her sweet voice music shed,
 Only to wake to anguish keen,
 The charm is broke, the soul is fled,
 An' lost to me is Lowland Jean.

THE LAIRD'S WOOING.

THE young laird o' Windlestrae cam' to our gate,
 He cam' to coort me, an' I kent it ;
 Said I, " My gay gallant ye come unco late ; "
 " Whisht lassie," he cried, " be contented."
 " Contented wi' what ? " an' I look'd in his ee ;
 " Eh, lassie, your e'en are like lances ;

Contented wi' what? why, contented wi' me,
O ye canna fear me wi' your glances."

The laird was sae handsome, sae gallant an' free
That my heart it begoud for to swither,
Sae doucely I ask'd, "Did ye come to see me?"
"Do ye think I cam' coortin' your mither?"

He spoke in a jest, bnt I in a huff
Was wanting to ape the fine leddy,
So I said wi' a frown, "Lad, ye speak unco rough,"
Said he, "Lass, ye speak unco ready."

We gaed ben the hoose, the laird he sat doon,
An' the lasses a' thocht he was charming,
He crack'd wi' the auld folk an' kept them in tune,
And the progress he made was alarming.

I sat a' the nicht wi' a cloud on my broo,
An' the laird tried his best for to please me,
But na, O I'm mad when I think on it noo,
Then the laird tried his warst for to tease me.

For twa or three weeks he cam the same gate,
I still gloom'd an' he wasna contented,
He fand balm for his grief in my young sister
Kate,
An' left me in the lurch to repent it.

BONNIE GLENDEAN.

Noo simmer sae bonnie
Blinks sweet ower the lea,
And I wi' my laddie
Will wander sae free ;
Low down where the saugh hings
Bright tassels o' green,
An' spans the clear waters
O' bonnie Glendalean.

The lintie chants sweet
Frae the fir on the brae,
The bloom's on the heather,
An' black is the slae.
The grey trout are glancing
Wi' clear sillar sheen,
In the pools clear as crystal
O' bonnie Glendalean.

Up where yon waterfa'
Springs frae the rock,
Blythe to his bonnie mate
Craws the moorcock.
Their hame's on the ferny scaur
Mossy an' green,
By the white foaming waters
O bonnie Glendalean.

A' nature's rejoicing,
An' why shouldna we ?
For love warms the hearts
O' my laddie an' me.
For the gold o' the miser,
The croun o' the queen,
I'd ne'er tine the pleasures
O' bonnie Glendale.

EDINA THE FAIR.

PEERLESS Edina, the pride of the north,
Sits like a queen by the blue winding Forth,
Hills for thy footstool and crags for thy throne,
Fairest of cities the bright sun shines on.
Crown of thy beauty, the grey castle stands
Hoary with honours he frowns o'er the lands,
Lion of Arthur couch'd strong in thy lair,
Guard well thy mistress, Edina the Fair.

Lovely Edina, thy palaces rise
Tow'ring in grandeur to greet the blue skies ;
Glories unnumbered unto thee belong,
Mem'ries of valour and beauty and song.
Valour and beauty were thine in the past,
Valour and beauty are thine to the last,
Bright eyes and true hearts with fond tender care,
Watch and defend thee, Edina the Fair.

MAY DEW.

SWEETLY sang the lark ower the bonnie groves
o' Melville,

Lightly skip'd the lambkin, upon the gowany brae,
Low doon in the glen where the hawthorns are
blooming

Nellie went a gathering the sweet dew o' May.
Bonnie blue were her e'en like the bright skies
o' summer,
Her glowin' cheeks like roses fresh opening to
view,

Brighter they grew as she sprang among the
daises

An' gathered health an' beauty frae the sweet
May-dew.

Brightly shone the sun on the white towers o'
Melville,

Clearly sang the merle on the high beechen spray,
Willie on the braeside his fleecy flocks attending
Saw young Nellie gathering the fresh dew o'
May.

Willie laugh'd a merry laugh, rosy blushed the
lassie,

An' like a startled fairy frae his clutches she flew,
Soon he held her in his arms, and row'd her in
his plaidie,

An' frae her lips o' hinney gathered sweet May
dew.

Saftly sighed the breeze thro' the green haughs
o' Melville,
Modest bloom'd the primrose upon the broomy
brae,
The cushie heard a story while sitting in the
plantin'
A story auld an' sweet as the bonnie first o' May.
O love, thou'rt ever dear to gentle hearts an'
tender,
The angel bliss o' Eden seems to steal before
their view
Young Nellie bless'd for aye the bonnie simmer
morning
When she won the love o' a'e true heart an'
sweet May dew.

A LITTLE ISLE OF MIGHTY FAME.

A LITTLE isle of mighty fame
Springs grandly from the frowning sea,
Whose storm-lashed shore oft heard the roar
That tells of well-won victory.
When mighty nations, strong and brave,
Have grappled on the foaming wave,
And sought to wreak a deed of shame
Upon this isle of mighty fame.

Though fierce-wing'd tempests round it blow
Yet sternly wild, and wondrous fair,

Lies dark blue hill and sparkling rill,
And pleasant valleys free from care,
Where worth and beauty careless rove,
And bright eyes speak of joy and love,
While hearts and hands in freedom's name
Guard well this isle of mighty fame.

For twice a hundred glorious years
Her battle-flag has swept the sea,
In every form, through calm and storm,
Has led the vanguard of the free.
The free bold blood of sea-king sires
Still glowing with its ancient fires,
Would crush the foe would dare to claim
Our little isle of mighty fame.

HELEN ADAIR.

ON the brow of the mountain the grey mists are
sleeping.

In the dews of the morning the wild flowers are
weeping,

I awaken from slumber my heart light as air,
In my dreaming I've seen thee, young Helen Adair.

Why so glad sings the thrush in the gay summer
bowers ?

Why so green are the meadows and bright are the
flowers ?

The eye of the joyful makes nature look fair,
And I joy in loving thee, Helen Adair.

The wild-rose blows sweet in the dews of the morning,
The violet is fair when the green braes adorning,
But fairer than either, and modest as fair,
Is the pride of the valleys, sweet Helen Adair.

To love thee were joy, but what rapture of feeling
To see thy dark eye mutual passion revealing ?
The world is all sunshine, unclouded with care,
In the sweet gentle presence of Helen Adair.

BATTLE SONG OF THE SCOTS GREYS.

HARK, comrade, hark, the loud trumpets are sounding,
The sabres are out and the grey steeds are bounding,
The roar of the battle comes loud from afar,
And the cannon flames death in the red rents of war.

Forward, then, forward, bold brothers-in-arms,
Defying and scorning death's wildest alarms,
The craven may shrink and the coward may fly,
Our country expects us to conquer or die.

See, comrade, see, the bayonets are gleaming,
Through the red mists of battle the foemen are
streaming,
Like lightning we'll fall on the vast struggling
hordes
With the rushing of steeds and the cleaving of
swords.

What, comrade, what, if when charging and
cheering
Grim death lay us low as the foe we are nearing,
Then, comrade, then, if we see the foe fly
We'll die on the field as a soldier should die.

Right, comrade, right, but of home I've been
thinking,
Then for home, friends, and country strike hard
without shrinking,
We'll get safe there again, take sweet hope for
thy star,
There be peaceful in peace as we're gallant in war.

THE GROVES O' HAWTHORNDEN.

THE speckled lark on dewy wing
Is singing at the gates o' morn,
The early hare wi' wanton spring
Is bounding thro' the tender corn.

Slow stealing frae her portals grey
Wi' rosy blush comes bashfu' day,
An' wakes to life rock, bank, an' brae,
Amang the groves o' Hawthornden.

There fair young simmer holds her court,
A queen amang her early flowers,
Her emerald tresses wave and sport
Ower shelving rocks an' sylvan bowers.
The milkwhite hawthorn climbs the brae,
The crags are hung wi' garlands gay,
An' Esk sings saftly on her way
Amang the groves o' Hawthornden.

The lark seeks Heaven to sing his song,
An' I seek bliss in seeking thee,
Then winsome lassie, fair an' young,
Come roam the fragrant bowers wi' me.
Thy smile says yes, make no delay,
For love makes short the simmer day,
An' hours like minutes speed away
Amang the groves o' Hawthornden.

PLUCK THE ROSES.

PLUCK the roses, joyons June
Hangs them glowing on the spray,
Gems to deck the summer's noon,
Soon they'll wither and decay ;

Trifle not, but from each bough
Take them in the golden now.

Pluck the minutes as they flee
To join the ever-dying hours,
Cull their sweets, the patient bee
Gathers its from fruits and flowers.
And we, like him, when summer's gone
Will have our stores to feast upon.

Pluck each joy and ray of lightness
From the world's surrounding gloom,
Make your path a path of brightness
From the cradle to the tomb.
Brief the space we've here to dwell
Why should it be sad as well ?

BORTHWICK BRAES.

My sheep are feeding at their will,
The lambs are sporting on the hill,
The saft south sighing ower the brae
Brings sweet the scent o' new mown hay.
The thrush sings frae the castle towers,
The lintie 'mang the birken bowers,
Wi' lover's heart sings lover's praise,
An' woos his mate on Borthwick braes.

The sun is low, the hour is near,
When Maggie comes to meet me here,
Where yon twa willows lend their shade
Beside the burn our tryst is made.
My Maggie's modest, fair, and kind,
A lass weel suited to my mind,
An' blythe wi' her I'll spend my days
An' tend my flocks on Borthwick braes.

When simmer smiles ower hill an' lea,
An' scatters sweets to tempt the bee,
On heather braes an' birken bowers
Wi' her I'll pass the fleeting hours.
When winter reigns an' storms blaw free
She'll take my dreeping plaid frae me,
An' by the ingle's cheerfu' blaze
Fu' blythe we'll be on Borthwick braes.

THE DEATH RIDE.

LISTEN, Britons, while I tell
Of that glorious feat of war,
When the gallant allies fell
With lightning's force upon the Czar.
Loud and shrill the trumpet rung,
To his steed each horseman sprung,
With sabre bare and rein loose hung,
Waiting for the word.

'Charge,' and to his saddle bow
With eager joy each soldier bent,
'Charge,' and forth to meet the foe
Down the valley straight they went.
Swift the gleaming squadrons wheel,
An avalanche of bristling steel,
Soon the Muscovite shall feel
The might of Britain's sword.

Many a gallant man did fall
In that fearful ride of death,
But no danger could appal,
On they swept with bated breath ;
Thro' sulphury-vapo^r & gleaming red
The cannon roar'd with thunder dread,
While shot and shell around them sped
The air was thick with death.

Gaining speed, a rolling flood
Thro' the battery's jaws they broke,
Clove the gunners where they stood ;
Thro' their columns went like smoke.
Twice three hundred men all bold,
Sons of Britain true and bold
Charged into that vast stronghold,
Few came back alive.

Well done, gallant light brigade,
Thine was valour's maddest freak,
In peril's hour it show'd what aid
Britain from her sons may seek.

Faithful as they to keep thee free
Thy valiant sons by land and sea,
Unquestioning the stern decree
Would brave a world in arms.

THE QUIET GLOAMING HOUR.

I vow an' protest that its no fair ava
That a lassie like me should be shoved to the wa',
What wi' flyting an' jeering, an' looks unco sour,
They plague my hale life wi' the quiet gloaming
hour.

My mither is kind, but oh she's sae douce,
An' she watches me aye as a cat wad a mouse,
My father looks glum, an' my auntie looks sour,
When ere I steal out at the quiet gloaming hour.

Then I ken, an' they ken, that 'neath the
hawtree
There's somebody waiting an' watching for me,
An' oh it's a mercy he aye has the power
To bring back my smiles at the quiet gloaming
hour.

I declare that its awfu' the schemes they hae
laid,
Do they wish me to live an' to dee an auld
maid ?

For a cat an' a garret I've nae wish, I'm sure,
I prefer the sweet joys o' the quiet gloaming
hour.

I'm a simple bit lassie, but weel do I ken
Men were made for the lasses, an' lasses for men;
It's a' been ordained, sae it's no in oor power
To keep frae the tryst at the quiet gloaming
hour.
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My father an' mither may preach an' may pray,
When the heart is inclined can the tongue
answer nay ?

I canna conceive why they raise sic a stour,
They ance met themsel's at the quiet gloaming
hour.

THE BANKS O' ESK.

WINDING Esk thy banks are fair,
Sparkling stream, thy braes are bonnie,
Fu' sweet ye row by crag an' knowe
An' fair green fields unmatched by ony.
Here oft the shout of battle rung,
An' fame still tells the olden story,
How Wallace fought an' Drummond sung
To add a wreath to Scotland's glory.

Silver Esk, the hawthorn blooms
Sweetly down thy fertile valleys,
The linties sing on wanton wing,
Joy dwells in cot an' lordly palace.
Grey Roslin waits in ruined pride,
An' sweet Lasswade stands by thy waters,
While fair Dalkeith sits like a bride
The queen among thy lovely daughters.

Bonnie Esk, while saft ye row
Fleetly to the boundless ocean,
To youth's bright days I turn my gaze
While great my heart grows wi' emotion.
When lads an' lasses blythe an' free
We sported by thy winding waters,
May care an' sorrow ever flee
Thy manly sons an' comely daughters.

MY AE YEAR AULD.

STAND up, my wee man, set your back to the wa',
Now mind, a' alaney, take care an' no fa'.
Come here noo to faither, be cautious but bauld,
Well dune, my wee birkie, my brave ae year auld.

Eh, but he's prood, but, my wee croodlin doo,
King's hae lost their bit croons wi' their pride
before noo,

Y'e'll be down yet, I tell't ye, but try it again,
Perfection is born out o' practice an' pain,

My wee white hair'd pet 'neath thy calm bonnie
broo,

The dark een o' thy mither is looking me thro',
Wi' a gaze sweet an' joyous, o' where hae they
riven

That gleam frae the glory an' glamour o' Heaven?

Eh, but he's bonnie, nane could bonnier be,
My braw man sae muckle, come hither to me,
Noo walk like a bailie, sae cantie and douce,
Be dignified noo, ye're the hope o' the hoose.

Hurrah, my wee toddler, noo sit on my knee,
An' what is my wee toddlin bairnie to be?
For the prizes o' life ilka brave heart maun try,
Some win an' some lose ane can hardly tell why.

Will we mak ye a minister? hoo will that do?
I've seen waur heids than that in the poopit ere
noo;

Or a doctor to kill what ye canna weel cure,
Or a lawyer to lee mair than man can endure.

Will ye battle grim labour, an' fecht for dear
life,

It's a sair weary struggle, yet honour'd the strife;

Tho' the rich fool may sneer, an' the knave's lip
be curl'd,
The worker's strong hand moves the wheels o'
the world.

If I was a spaewife, O fain would I gaze
Doun the lang glitt'ring vista o' forthcoming days,
But whatever thy fate be, in life's varied span,
If spared may my bairn be a true honest man.

THE BRAES O' TYNE.

SING sweet thro' thy valleys, thou clear flowing
Tyne ;
Flow soft 'mong thy banks where the wild
flow'rets twine,
As beneath the green alders thy bright waters
rove
They whisper the name of the maiden I love.

Like a vision of beauty how swiftly ye glide
To the far sounding sea, where the great navies
ride !
How clear are thy waters, how green are thy
braes,
Where the mellow thrush warbles his soul-melt-
ing lays !

O fresh are thy courses when flower-giving May
Spreads the daisy and primrose so bright on the
brae ;

How rich are thy bowers in the gay pride of
June,
When the wail of the dove wakes the echoes at
noon.

But dearer than morning or noon unto me
Is the hour when grey gloaming steals soft o'er
the lea,
When still are thy groves and thy murmurs are
deep,
And the moon slowly glides o'er yon pine-crested
steep.

Morn and noon may be sweet by thy clear wind-
ing stream,
But love sheds a halo o'er life's troubled dream,
And night brings the tryst 'neath the grey
birken tree,
When Jessie, the pride of thy banks, meets with
me.

Tell not the loose winds as ye carelessly rove,
Or the flowers on thy banks our fond whisper-
ings of love,
But Jessie has promised this night to be mine,
And our dwelling shall be by the clear winding
Tyne.

THE DYING SOLDIER.

ON the Alma's bleak heights at the close of the day
A poor wounded soldier in anguish was lying.
The thunder of battle had long passed away,
No sound met his ear save the wails of the
dying,
And the scream of the night-bird that hovered
on high
Where the dark riven clouds showed the fitful
moon beaming ;
Or perchance on the breeze came the sentinel's cry
From afar in the gloom where the watch-fires
were gleaming.

He sigh'd, while a tear dimm'd the young sol-
dier's eye,
As o'er his pale brow the cold death-dew was
stealing ;
'Twas not that caused the tear, no nor that raised
the sigh—
'Twas mem'ry his home and his country revealing.
For in fancy he saw the old cottage again,
And the bright happy hearth where his mother
sat toiling,
And heard his young wife sing his own fav'rite
strain
To the babe on her knee as it lay sweetly
smiling.

“O Scotland,” he cried, “I will wander no more
Through thy green sunny dells ‘mid the scenes
of my childhood,
Nor hear round thy mountains the hurricane’s
roar

When cold dreary winter broods over the wild-
wood.

The haunts where I trysted my Mary of yore,
The hawthorn, the fountain, by Dee’s flowing
river ;
Each loved spot that knew me shall know me no
more ;
Ah, Mary, in parting we parted for ever.

“ And Mary, a shadow will sit at thy door,
And the light of thine eye will be clouded in
sadness,
For I know thou wilt brood o’er the mem’ries of
yore,
And mourn in thy heart for the days of our
gladness.

Wife, country, and kindred, for ever farewell !
Cold, cold through my bosom the death-chill
is sweeping.”

Ere morning had dawned on the spot where he
fell
The true gallant soldier his last sleep was
sleeping.

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